BRITANNIA and EVE

APRIL
1946

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 32, No. 4 APRIL, 1946

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

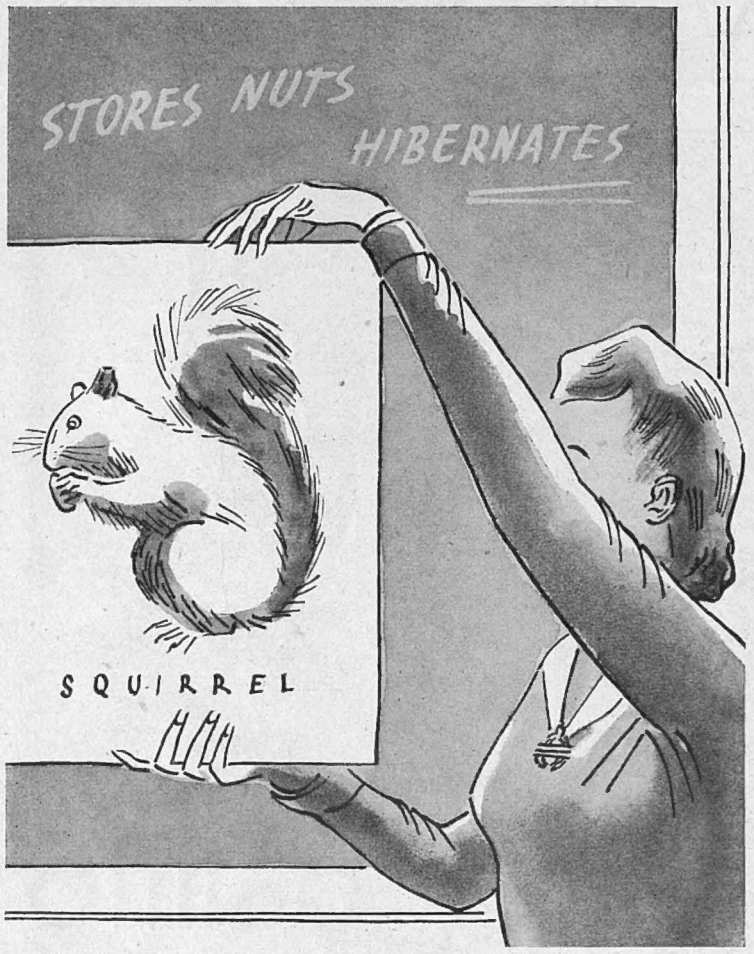
The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

B.14

ABOVE is shown equipment necessary for pill-making. Something more is needed, however—craftsmanship, accuracy and long practice. These qualities your chemist certainly possesses. For before he can open his pharmacy, a registered chemist passes a stringent test in pill-making and other subjects to the satisfaction of the examiners of the Pharmaceutical Society. The chemist is a vital part of the country's health organization. His skill and knowledge are at your disposal and justify your confidence.

Ask your chemist's opinion of

Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE



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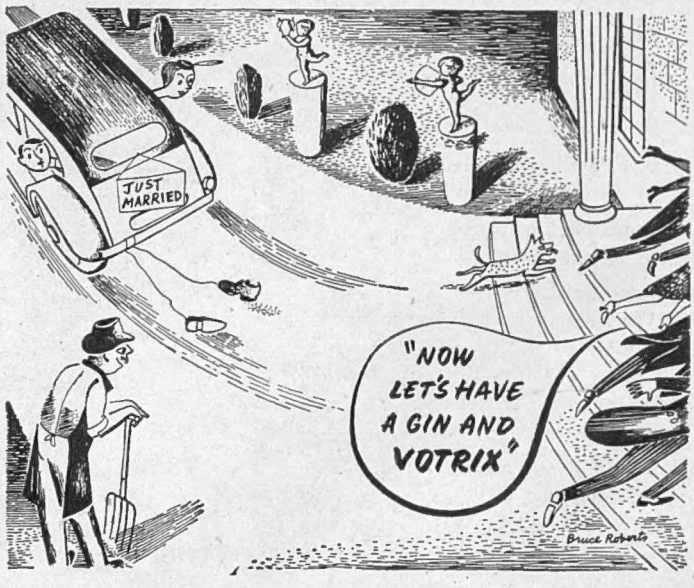

We have inspected the presents, and kissed the bride; we've even smiled, please, for the photographer. Duty is done; let's do it again — let's marry a gin to a Votrix. It is Vermouth produced in England and very good.

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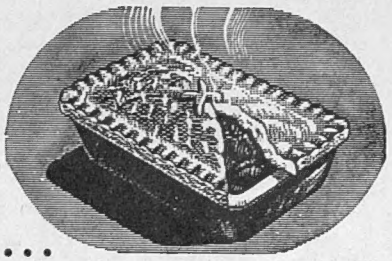
and when the Pie was opened...



Let's get an inside view of, for example, a meat pie, and see what's interesting about it, besides the taste. For the more you know about " which foods do what " the easier and more interesting it is to plan your family's meals. To begin with, here are some simple and important things to know about the meat in that pie.

What do you get from MEAT?

Meat, and all the other foods in the list below, are builders. They are the only kind of food from which you can build up and repair your muscles. The First-Class ones have all the ingredients you need to build with. The Second-Class are useful to help build, but some of the ingredients are missing. So you should use them *with* and not entirely instead of, the First-Class builders.

Who most needs BUILDERS?

Children need more builders in proportion to their size than grown-ups. Builders are doubly important to children because they are not only doing their "running repairs," but adding more to themselves as they grow. Expectant and nursing mothers, too, need more builders, for their own sake and their baby's. Generally speaking, you don't need more builders the harder your job. Rations have been worked out to give everyone a fair helping. So don't give anyone the lion's share of the family building foods !

There are other useful things to know about builders, but this is enough for one meal ! Look out for other talks on " Which Foods Do What " in this magazine.

The building foods

FIRST CLASS	SECOND CLASS
Meat of all kinds*	Beans
Fish*	Peas
Milk*	Lentils
Cheese	National Flour and Bread
Eggs*	Oats Soya

* *It makes no difference to building power whether these foods are dried, tinned, or fresh*

TWO TEMPTING "BUILDING" DISHES

Breakfast Pancakes: INGREDIENTS (FOR 4 PEOPLE): *4 oz. flour, 1 dried egg* (DRY), *½ pint milk, 2 oz. grated cheese, 2 level teaspoons baking powder, salt.* Mix flour, egg and salt; add the milk slowly and beat well. Add the cheese and baking powder. Drop, in spoonfuls, into hot fat. Cook on both sides till golden brown.

Fish Pie: INGREDIENTS (FOR 4 PEOPLE): *1 lb. mashed potato, 1 oz. grated cheese, ½ lb. cooked fish, ½ pint white sauce, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, salt and pepper.* Mix potato and cheese together, line a greased pie-dish with this, leaving enough to cover the top. Make a white sauce, add fish, parsley and seasoning. Pour into dish, cover with the remaining potato mixture. Bake in moderate oven for ½ to ¾ hour. Serve hot.

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in original OLD FASHIONED FLASK
Unsurpassed in quality although restricted in distribution by scarcity of old stocks.
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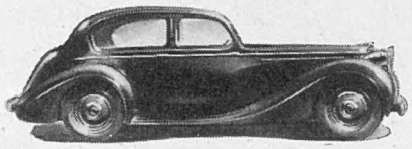
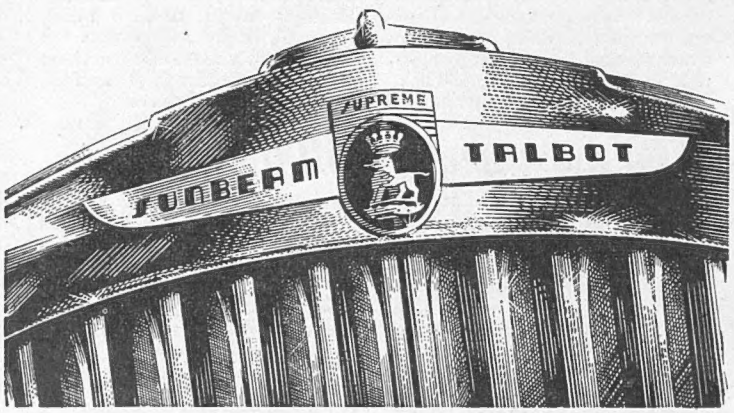


SUNBEAM-TALBOT

The TEN
and the 2-Litre



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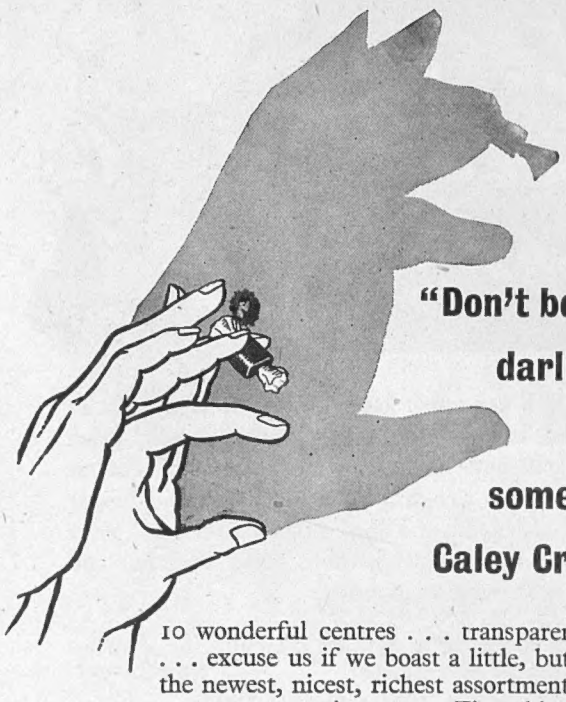

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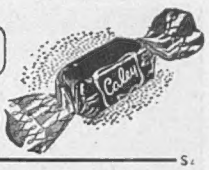
CALEY CRANFORD



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SYMPTOMS OF THE MENOPAUSE

(Change of Life)

Frequently the first symptom experienced by women approaching the Menopause is "Hot Flushes of the Face and Neck," but there are many others often difficult to distinguish because of their similarity to ordinary health disturbances. Therefore, women between 40 and 50 troubled with any of these symptoms are advised to

CONSULT THEIR DOCTOR

Some of the more usual of these symptoms are: Nerves, Giddiness, Palpitation, Headaches, Ear Noises, Insomnia, "Pins and Needles," Sudden Obesity, Itching, etc.

An interesting book, "The Crisis in a Woman's Life," dealing with the symptoms of the Menopause, may be obtained on request from most chemists, or sent for 3d. in stamps by Clinical Products Ltd., 23E Thames House, 2 The Green, Richmond, Surrey.

Issued by: Medical Dept., Clinical Products Ltd., Richmond, Surrey

She's been using the finest equipment in war—

she'll want the best equipment in peace...

It would be an affront to offer the Private with the Predictor anything but the perfect cooker . . . or the thousands of other young women like her who spent the war working on precision instruments. But the new Main reaches sky-high standards of perfection. It's speedy, dependable, economical, easy to clean; it has a high-speed griller, enamelled surfaces, no projections to rip pockets off overalls and, of course, the wonderful Mainstat Control which cooks food perfectly without further trouble once it's in the oven.

the new MAIN gas cookers are on the way

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CUTEX LIQUID NAIL POLISH

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Your child must have long hours of unbroken, restful sleep if she is to grow and gain as Nature intended. When stomach upsets rob her of this needful sound rest, a small dose of *' Milk of Magnesia ' will soon put the little one at ease. ' Milk of Magnesia ' also acts as a gentle laxative. Mothers everywhere depend upon it because it is so mild and harmless. Keep ' Milk of Magnesia ' in the medicine cabinet *always*.

'Milk of Magnesia'

** ' Milk of Magnesia ' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

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CVS-L31

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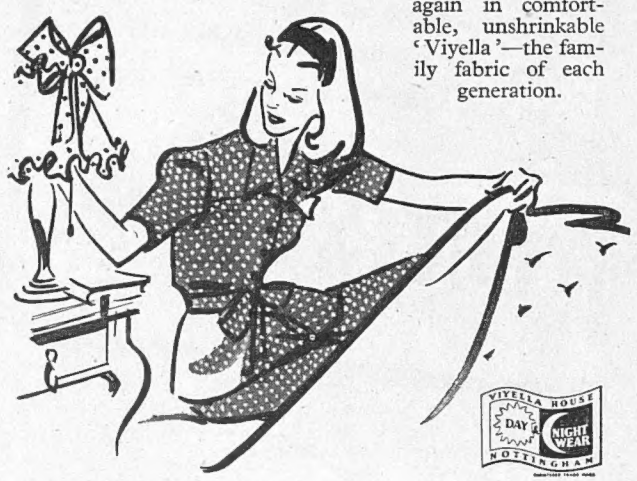
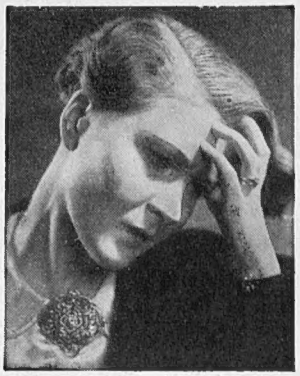


V.5a



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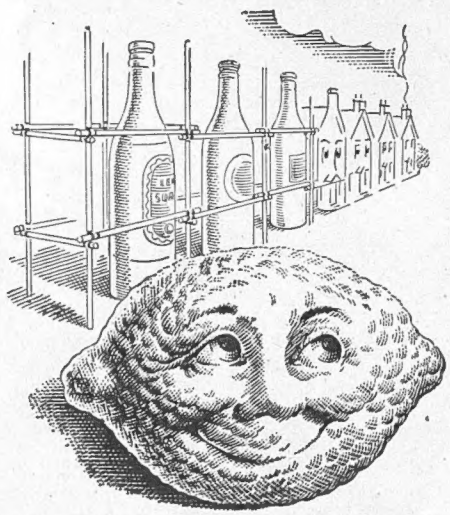

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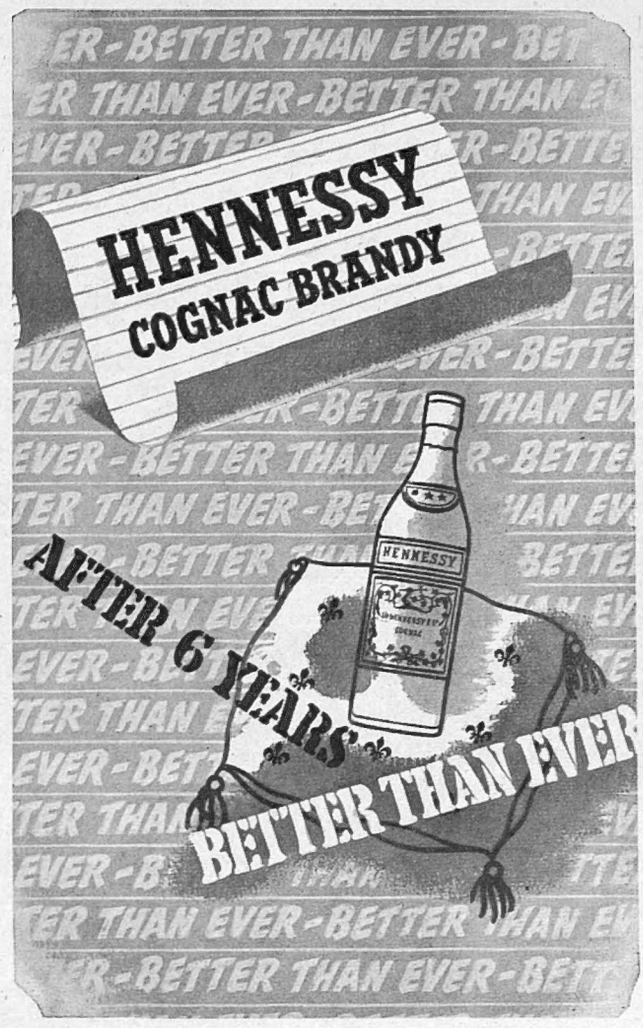
POWDER · DATHOS · SAFADA HAND LOTION · · *Prices from 18/6 to 4/-*



" Georgie Porgie pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry.
When the boys came out to play,
Georgie Porgie ran away."

BUT GEORGIE PORGIE wasn't *really* afraid of them — dear me no! He knew Mother had Weetabix and jam for tea and was hurrying to get home! Seriously, Weetabix is a great favourite with children . . . crisply-delicious and so good for them. Serve Weetabix at breakfast with milk; and at other times of the day with butter, cheese, jam, honey and soft fruits in season.

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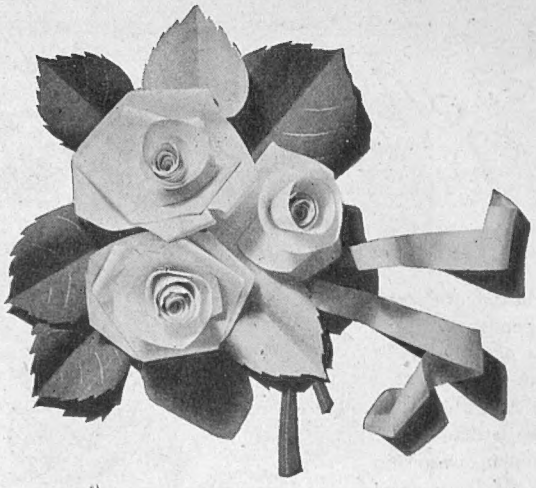

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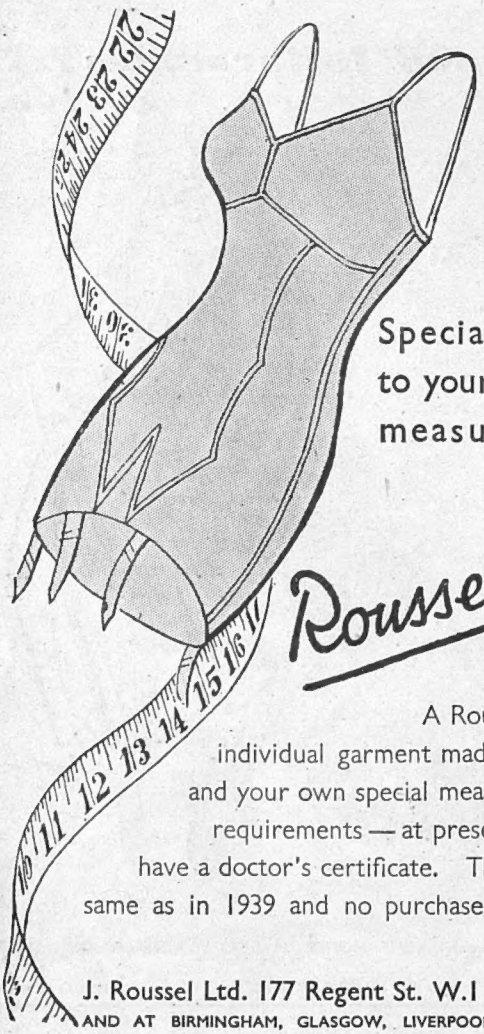

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If this style is out of stock other attractive models available.

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When they came up the steps on to the street, Lois thought that they had lost him. Then she saw Pierre Yves for a second, against the lighted doorway of a small café across the street

Embassy Girl

A Short Story

By

Barry Perowne

ACODIST in the Embassy service lived by the exercise of her wits.

"You 've got to have the sort of mind they had," warned Lois, "that can solve puzzles under pressure. Codes are subject to mutilation, due to hurried encoding at the other end or bad signal conditions. Then is when you 've got to use your brains. You 've got to track down the snags by imagination and deduction. You 've got to be a rather special kind of detective!"

Three years in the Embassy service, especially one exciting wartime year during which she had been on loan to Allied Intelligence, had developed these qualities in Lois to an exceptional degree.

She was a slim girl with amber, shoulder-length hair, quiet, grey eyes, dark-lashed, and a smile so candid and friendly that it had been known perceptibly to de-glaze even Mr. Fourth Secretary Philip Graven, most polished of the younger career diplomats.

This lean, tanned, elegant and altogether beautiful young man was sometimes frivolously referred to in the Codes Room as "The Graven Image."

The extent to which Lois had penetrated the cultivated impassivity of this paragon she herself never divined until the day he invited her to join a small, informal dinner-party to be given by a friend of his in the Paris suburb of Neuilly.

The condescension, as from Fourth Secretary to Codist, was epoch-making. Lois must have looked slightly dizzy, for Philip Graven, with his infrequent but agreeable smile, explained:

"The friend is Pierre Yves, of the publishers, Grenelle and Yves. I thought you might be interested. I understand—" with the sure touch of the diplomat he spoke as of an achievement he held sacred "—I understand that you 've written a book?"

This was true.

On night shifts made tedious by an absence of coding traffic, Lois had set down, with an askance regard to the security angle, some of the more melodramatic experiences of her year in Allied Intelligence. She had called the book *Top Secret Girl*. With a subtly waning sensation about the knees, she had submitted it to her immediate chief, whence it had been spirited away into august chambers beyond her ken, ultimately reappearing with no word deleted and a minute attached bearing the terse observation: "Okay." A typescript of the book was even now hopefully *en route* to a publisher at home.

Lois was surprised thus to learn that Philip Graven had heard of her book, and she was quite astonished, on the night of the dinner-party at Neuilly, to discover that he actually had read it.

Over the coffee, in Pierre Yves' beautiful bachelor apartment—a penthouse looking out across the river and the roofs and lights of the city—she heard Philip describing the book to Madame Denise de Grenelle, wife of the head of the firm of Grenelle and Yves.

"*Ça, c'est chic!*" said Denise. She was *svelte* and attractive, with the creamy and raven colouring of the Martiniquaise, but violet, subtle eyes. "Alban," she said to her husband, "you must hear of this."

"I was listening," said Alban de Grenelle.

A small, vigorous man with a parchment-coloured bald head, fierce eyebrows and a Clemenceau moustache, he fixed Lois with a tyrannical eyeglass.

"I must see this book," he declared. "In France, Miss Forrest, we have a taste extraordinary for—inside dope, *hein*? We have so many of us worked under cover these past years, you understand. Even my own small clandestine activity—hah, the *Deuxieme Bureau* might tell you a thing or two! You have a typescript of this book to the hand?"

Lois admitted that she had.

"Then you will send it to me," stated M. de Grenelle. "Soon, *hein*? In a day or two, I leave for a week of partridge-shooting. I will read the book. Then, if it is as I hope, you will talk with Pierre here. Contracts, terms, money, business, all such things I leave to him—*n'est ce pas*, Pierre?"

The host of the small party was as slim but not quite so tall as Philip Graven. In manner, he was supple where Philip was punctilious. But he was almost as well turned-out, with a handsome pale face, faintly blue-shaven about the jaw, and confident, grey-green eyes.

He would, he declared, be honoured to further the triumph of Miss Forrest's book. He would have dilated on the subject, but Lois changed the conversation to the distant, soaring shadow of the Eiffel Tower, glimpsed—with its red summit light—through the wide windows. For she felt a vexing certainty that, behind the invincible decorum of his expression, Philip Graven was indulgently amused.

In fact, of course, as she realised now, he had engineered the party specifically in order to promote the sale of her book.

It was doubtless kindly meant, but it was patronising. When presently she walked with him down the carpeted

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

stairs from Pierre Yves' penthouse—the stairs spiralled around the ornamental ironwork of the elevator shaft, but electricity was still temperamental in Paris and the elevator wasn't working—she accused him of it.

Philip Graven flicked a speck from the impeccable soft black hat in his hand.

He said dryly, "A book giving the feminine slant on the cloak-and-dagger world—" so, loftily, diplomacy regarded Intelligence—" is uncommon. I found yours delightfully refreshing. I thought that by making you and my friends, Grenelle and Yves, mutually acquainted I should be doing both sides a service."

Lois wasn't certain whether to feel gratified or further condescended to by this. But the quandary was made irrelevant for her by a sudden agitated winking of the landing-lights. As she and Philip came involuntarily to a standstill, the bulbs faded slowly to dull red, then went out altogether.

Philip Graven clicked his tongue.

He then took a lighter from his pocket and began to click that. It gave off an abortive spark.

"It 's dry," said Lois. "We shall have to feel our way."

"In that case, as I 'm on the inside and can navigate by the ironwork of the elevator shaft, I suggest," said the Fourth Secretary formally, "that you take my hand."

Lois wanted to laugh. But she groped for his hand, and it closed on hers with a pleasantly warm, firm grasp.

So they made their way cautiously downward in the pitch darkness, expecting with every new curve of the stairs to see a light. But they saw none, and just when Lois was beginning to think that surely by now they must be on the street-level and should catch, through the imposing plate-glass and metal doors, the light of some passing car, she remembered that the doors didn't open on to the street but on to a small courtyard.

At that moment Philip Graven paused irresolutely.

He said, "Do you happen to have noticed how many floors we 've come down ?"

Lois considered carefully, but had to admit she hadn't counted.

"This," Philip declared, "is ludicrous. We were too polite ; we oughtn't to have told Pierre Yves there was no need for him to come down with us ! You know, I have an insidious feeling we ought to be on street-level by now."

"There must be a *concierge* sleeping around here somewhere," said Lois.

"I have no intention of standing here and shouting ' Help,' " replied Philip Graven. "It places one in a false position."

"If we listen carefully, we might hear a car pass," Lois said, "and could tell whether it was below us or on a level with us."

"An intelligent suggestion," commended Philip.

They stood listening. All was at first dark and still, but after a moment a lugubrious lapping sound became audible.

"Whatever can that be ?" said the bewildered diplomat.

"I think it must be the Seine," said Lois. "This house is by the river." She was quaking inside with laughter, but her voice was demure. "I think what 's happened is that you 've navigated the elevator shaft all the way down to the cellar ! "

"Shh ! " said Philip Graven. "Hark ! "

Voices, sounding faintly above them, resolved themselves into the emphatic tones of M. Alban de Grenelle :

"No, no, *mon vieux*, the Metro will be running by the time we reach the corner—these electricity stoppages do not last. Gasolene is precious—save yours to run me to the station in a night or so, when I shall have baggage. Attention, *chérie !* Hah ! Your torch here, Pierre ! *Bon !* "

The voices passed beyond earshot.

"We *are* in the cellar," said Lois.

She made to move toward where, above them, a flicker of Yves' torch had located the head of the cellar steps. But Philip's hand, still holding hers, restrained her.

"Wait till Yves has gone back upstairs," he whispered—and Lois realised, with amusement, that the delicate sensibility of a Fourth Secretary shrank from the exposure of a sheepish emergence, with a girl, from a dark cellar.

They stood listening to Pierre Yves' footsteps returning. The footsteps paused in the hall for several seconds ; the flicker of the torch showed. Abruptly the footsteps came towards the head of the cellar steps, the ray of the torch lanced down across the cellar, and Pierre Yves began quickly to descend.

"Damn ! " said Philip. He released Lois' hand as though it had become suddenly incandescent, stepped into the ray of light. "My dear fellow—" he said ingratiatingly.

Lois kept her hand on Philip's arm tightly. After a minute, Denise de Grenelle came out, turned to the left, was swallowed in the hurrying throng

"*What !* " Yves checked on the steps, slightly crouched, peering down along the shaft of his torch.

"My dear fellow," said Philip Graven, "imagine our embarrassment ! We came down too far. We—er——"

"We were benighted," explained Lois, coming to his rescue.

She felt Yves peering down at them. She sensed an extraordinary tension in his attitude. When he laughed it sounded forced, unnatural.

"*C'est chic, ça !* " he said. He motioned with the torch for them to ascend. He stood aside for them, then followed them up. "I was going to get a bottle of wine," he said. "I have a locked bin down there. Why didn't you shout when I crossed the hall with the Grenelles ? "

"You 'd passed before we quite realised," said Philip, falsely.

"Yes ? " For an instant Yves' torch brushed their faces ; then he laughed again, more easily. "*C'est vraiment chic !* "

He pressed them to join him in a nightcap, but Philip insisted they had little time left to catch the last Metro. Commenting with Gallic wit on a piquant situation, Yves escorted them across the courtyard to the wrought-iron gates opening on the street.

IN the Metro a noticeable return of Mr. Graven's protective urbanity proclaimed to Lois the fiasco of a Fourth Secretary's evening. A warm-hearted girl, she was prompted to assuage a noble dignity in its hour of trial by the assurance that thumb-screws couldn't force a word from her, to anyone in the Embassy, about the spicy episode of the diplomat in the cellar.

But, on second thoughts, she decided to let healing time take its course. Her amusement at the incident counterbalanced the vexation she had felt at the Fourth Secretary's slightly

patronising behaviour in the matter of her book; and in a forgiving frame of mind she sent off the typescript next day, by Embassy messenger, to Grenelle and Yves.

The day after she had done this the subject of *Top Secret Girl* came up again with her immediate chief in an unexpected way.

He sent for her and asked whether she had done anything as yet about giving this work to the world. Puzzled, she explained that one copy had been submitted to a publisher at home and one to Grenelle and Yves.

" I 'm sorry about this, Lois," said the organising intellect of the Codes Room, " but there 's a squawk come up. Not from inside the Embassy, but from Intelligence—from your cloak-and-dagger friends. They admit they okay'd the book, but they now say they want to delete certain passages. They don't say what passages ; they don't explain a thing. But they seem a little steamed up. They insist that the typescript be resubmitted to them, and that if you 've any copies out, you get them back. *I* know this is no fault of yours, Lois, and luckily the squawk's come to me direct. We don't want it known about upstairs or some trained worrier might take it into his head you 're shaky from a security angle. You know how it is. Better get busy ! "

Lois valued her job. She lost no time in sending a cable to the publisher at home and a note by messenger to Grenelle and Yves, recalling her typescripts.

A satisfactory answer came from the home publisher next day.

But from Grenelle and Yves, located only in the Boulevard St. Germain, there was no reply at all.

Lois telephoned them. M. de Grenelle had left on his shooting trip, and she was put on to Pierre Yves, who was friendly and accommodating. He didn't think his partner had had time to read the book, but certainly he, Pierre Yves, would have the typescript looked out and returned.

He inquired, " We shall see it again, I hope ? "

" Of course," Lois said. She thought she detected curiosity in his voice. She couldn't help that, but she tried not to make the matter sound too urgent as she added, " If you could manage to return it to-day some time—"

" I will send it by messenger," Pierre Yves assured her.

But the relief with which Lois put down the telephone turned out to be premature. The book didn't arrive that day. When it failed to appear in the mail the following morning,

she began to feel uneasy. She telephoned again. She was informed that M. Yves was out, and it seemed to Lois that the answer came just a little too pat. She put down the telephone slowly, stood for a moment in thought, then went directly to the Fourth Secretary's room.

Mr. Philip Graven's office had large windows. His desk was extensive. He sat behind it looking handsome, wooden, and as faultlessly groomed as a wedding guest. Not a hair of his crisp, blond head was out of place ; he even wore a white carnation.

Lois said, " I 'd like to ask you something in confidence."

Slight alarm leaped into Mr. Graven's clear, blue eyes.

Lois told him about her book. She said, " You know more about these people, Grenelle and Yves, than I do——"

Philip Graven looked relieved.

He said, " I 'm sure this is just an oversight, Lois. Pierre Yves moves in very good circles. True, I 've reason to think he may play the black *bourse*—the gambling in foreign exchange, foreign securities. But in Paris even the best people——" He shrugged. " What are you anxious about ? "

" You know what Paris is," said Lois. " It 's a centre of intrigue. And M. de Grenelle told us himself he 'd worked in some sort of clandestine organisation——"

" You think he might recognise, and make some embarrassing use of, whatever it is in your book that Intelligence wants to suppress ? Shadows, in fact," said the diplomat indulgently, " from the cloak-and-dagger world ! Well, Lois, if it would put your mind at rest we might have Security look into——"

He was reaching for the telephone on his desk.

" Please," Lois said, " not yet. I don't want this to be known officially till I 'm quite sure Grenelle and Yves *are* stalling. I thought you might know more about them. Before I report this officially, with a good chance of it costing me my job, I 'm going round to their office myself. I 'm off duty at four."

" I introduced them to you," said Philip Graven. " I feel badly that you should be worried this way. I shall come with you."

So it was that, at four-thirty that afternoon, Lois, hatless, wearing a belted tan coat, with her magnificent escort at her heels, stepped off a Metro train at the station in the Boulevard St. Germain.

She had scarcely taken two paces when she stopped dead, looking along the platform.

Pierre Yves, in a light raglan overcoat and hard felt hat, carrying a slim umbrella, was in the act of stepping into a compartment, far along the platform, of the train they had just left.

Lois turned quickly to Philip Graven.

" Get back on ! " she said. " Hurry ! "

The doors were just closing. She gave him a little push, stepped on to the train after him as the doors slid shut. She smiled at his pained expression.

" I 'm sorry," she said, " but it was Yves. He got on the train."

" His office is just across the street," said Philip. " He 's probably on his way home."

" To Neuilly—in a Gobelins train ? " Lois said. " Anyway, what 's the good of our going to his office if he 's not there ? We 'll watch where he gets off, then buttonhole him."

It wasn't yet quite the rush hour. The station (*Continued on page 56*)

A movement of Yves' right hand checked Lois. Coming up from the drawer of his desk, his wrist resting on the desk edge, his white forefinger curling over the trigger of the automatic

Choir-boys of St. Michael's Church, Bristol, assemble in their robes on Easter Tuesday to receive enormous buns known as "Tuppenny Starvers"

Two Amble boys "egg-jaaping," an old North Country Easter custom still practised in the small towns and villages

England's Easter Customs

By W. H. Owens

SOME of the picturesque customs still performed in our towns and villages at Eastertide are much older than Christianity itself. They are the legacy of our pagan ancestors who observed the festival of spring with great outdoor gatherings in which all kinds of strange rites played a part. From the remotest times people sang and danced to welcome the season of bud and blossom, the return of migrant birds and brighter days. Spring has ever been the supreme festival of joy and hope.

Later, the most important feast day of the Christian year was to coincide with the spring festival. Many of the ancient pagan customs were adopted by the Church to complement the joyful celebrations held everywhere in commemoration of the Resurrection. And so a variety of interesting traditions, some secular and some Christian, have been carried on down the centuries.

Until last century, of course, Easter celebrations in England were on a much grander scale than now. In all the churches there were festivals of Easter carols sung amid resplendent floral decorations. Every village green and market square became the setting for miracle plays, folk-dancing and performances by the local mummers. Bonfires lit up the hilltops and village boys and girls played the time-honoured egg-rolling games. Much of the general gaiety of the season has gone, but local customs still live on.

Easter was also the season for the giving of alms to the less fortunate and (*Continued on page* 61)

Town crier opens Hocktide ceremony at Hungerford

A recipient of Maundy Pence at Westminster Abbey

Tutti-men kiss smiling faces at upper windows

An ancient Easter custom at St. Bartholomew's Church, Smithfield

Carrying long poles garlanded with flowers and coloured streamers Hungerford tutti-men receiving their toll

Yorkshire has a picturesque Easter ceremony in the Pace-Eggers' Play, performed by the schoolboys of Midgley

Top Men

What Are They Worth And How Do They Get That Way?

By C. Patrick Thompson

BRITISH industry depends on the island's chief raw material—coal. Coal is a £200,000,000-a-year business—and should be a £300,000,000-a-year business. The nation needs 200,000,000 tons annually for industry and home fires—and could do with more. Exports could be boosted from 30 to 80 million tons, without saturating the overseas market. The whole industry needs modernizing, integrating, revivifying.

The head man for the job has not been chosen as I write. A salary between £15,000 and £20,000 is talked of. I don't know a business chief in this country getting £20,000 as straight salary, although there are a few who, with commissions, expenses and fees, draw £40,000 and £50,000 in a good year (before tax). Hollywood stars intermittently earn more. American salaries anyway run higher. One year the head of the biggest tobacco company took over £400,000 as compensation for his toil, and the chief of the second biggest steel company £200,000; while the head of a big store, complaining that £20,000 salary was "insufficient inducement" to continue in his post, got the raise he wanted.

You have only to look over the British coal industry, its assets, complexity, and potentials, to see that the man who could merely restore its former outputs and profits (if any man can), let alone raise the business to new heights, would be cheap at £50,000 a year.

But what qualities would he need—what qualities does any man require to run a great business, or occupy successfully a top post? How can one assess the value of such men? Is £8,000 a year too little for a British Premier, and £60,000 (she topped the Hollywood-star salary list in 1945) too much for a Claudette Colbert?

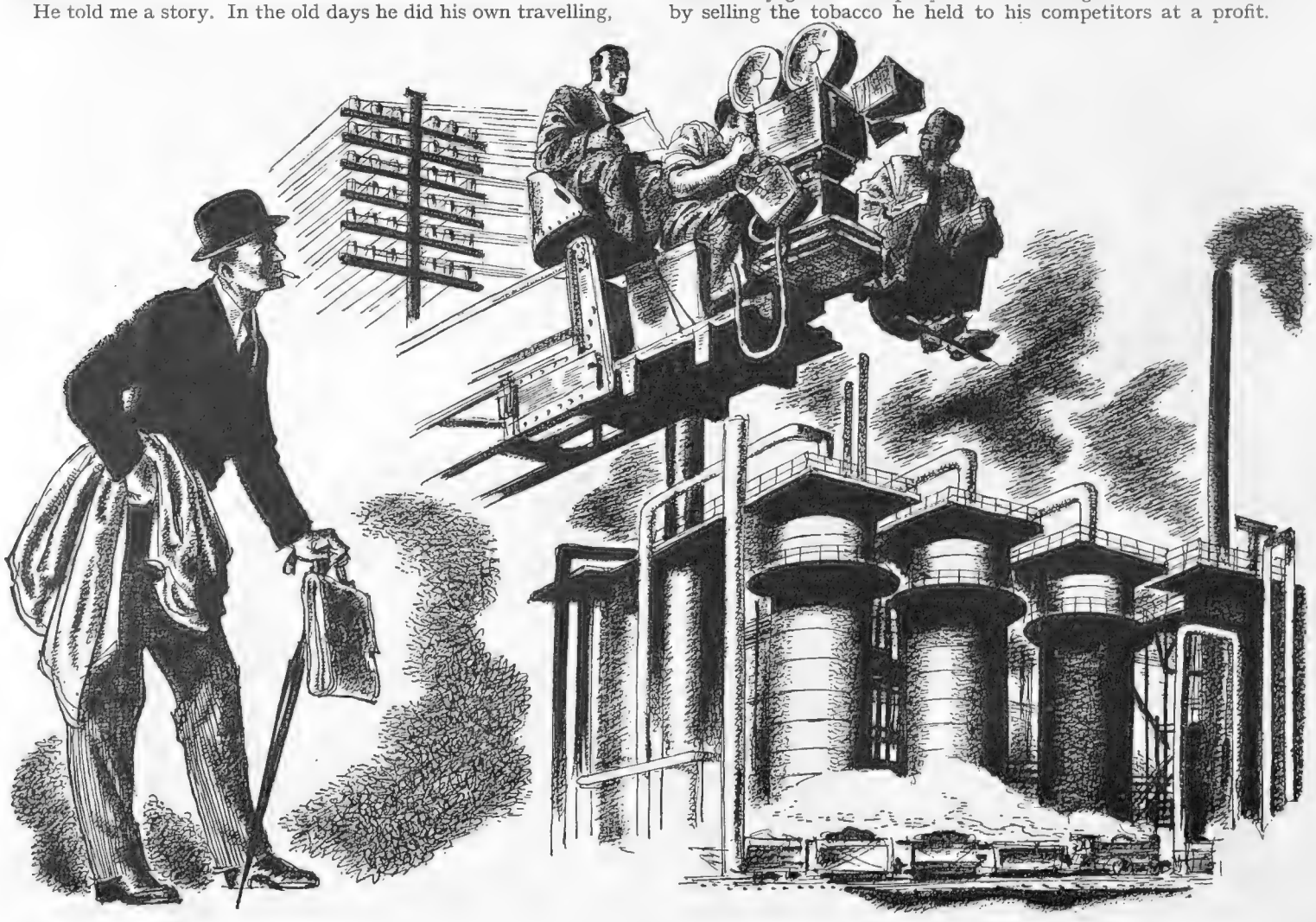
Probe these questions, and you'll find yourself groping in the fantastic jungle where human values, measured by the earnings yardstick, are approximately determined. What you won't find is a simple answer to what seems a simple question.

In my time I have observed a good many top men, and tried to find out what makes them tick. Some I've questioned, and others have made assertions about themselves. One magnate—a baronet then, a peer now, and heading a business which last year made three-quarters of a million net profit—answered with one word my question: "What single outstanding quality would you say a man needs to get to the top?" The word was: "Nerve."

He told me a story. In the old days he did his own travelling, soliciting orders. Unable to get in to see the boss of one outfit, he scribbled on a card: "I am only in this town a few hours. How would your business fare if your salesmen were treated as you are treating me?" Out bounced the boss in a rage. However, once the personal contact was made, he calmed, admitted the justice of the retort, gave our friend a record order.

ANOTHER outstandingly successful man provided much the same answer. He was old Bernhard Baron, who built the Carreras business from the ground up. I met him at a little private lunch, and he told me this story (among others, which repeated the central "nerve" theme). He had retired from active management, when his company hit a rock. His people had loaded up with tobacco leaf, at a high price, and the price had nose-dived. It looked as though they were ruined.

"Calm yourself," said old Baron. "Our chief competitor is much bigger, and so probably that much worse off. We must turn a calamity into an opportunity." Instead of cutting losses, he put his personal fortune into new purchases as the price of tobacco dropped. Some time, the price had to rise—prices always rise after slumping, and slump after soaring, in time. It meant a wait of two or three years, but in the end he not only got his company out, but enlarged his own fortune by selling the tobacco he held to his competitors at a profit.



Obviously "nerve" is a blanket term covering a combination of qualities. Other men with "nerve" merely end up in Carey Street. Additional ingredients must go into the brew. The first man, for instance, had an agreeable personality and persuasive powers : otherwise, instead of winning his customer, he'd have been thrown out on his ear once the two came face to face.

And Baron had the cool judgment that comes of a clear mind and, perhaps, long experience. Nerve alone wouldn't have pulled his trick. First, he had to size up the situation and appreciate it. He had the mental equipment to do that. And then he had been in the tobacco business from his boyhood, starting in a German factory, migrating to America, making his first cigarettes by hand and selling them himself. He wasn't gambling blindly : he knew what he was doing, exactly.

Both men also had a flair for finance. That means a high development of some special part of the brain. It can't be only the lobe concerned with calculating, or every good mathematician would be a wizard financier, whereas most of them are not even good business men or able administrators.

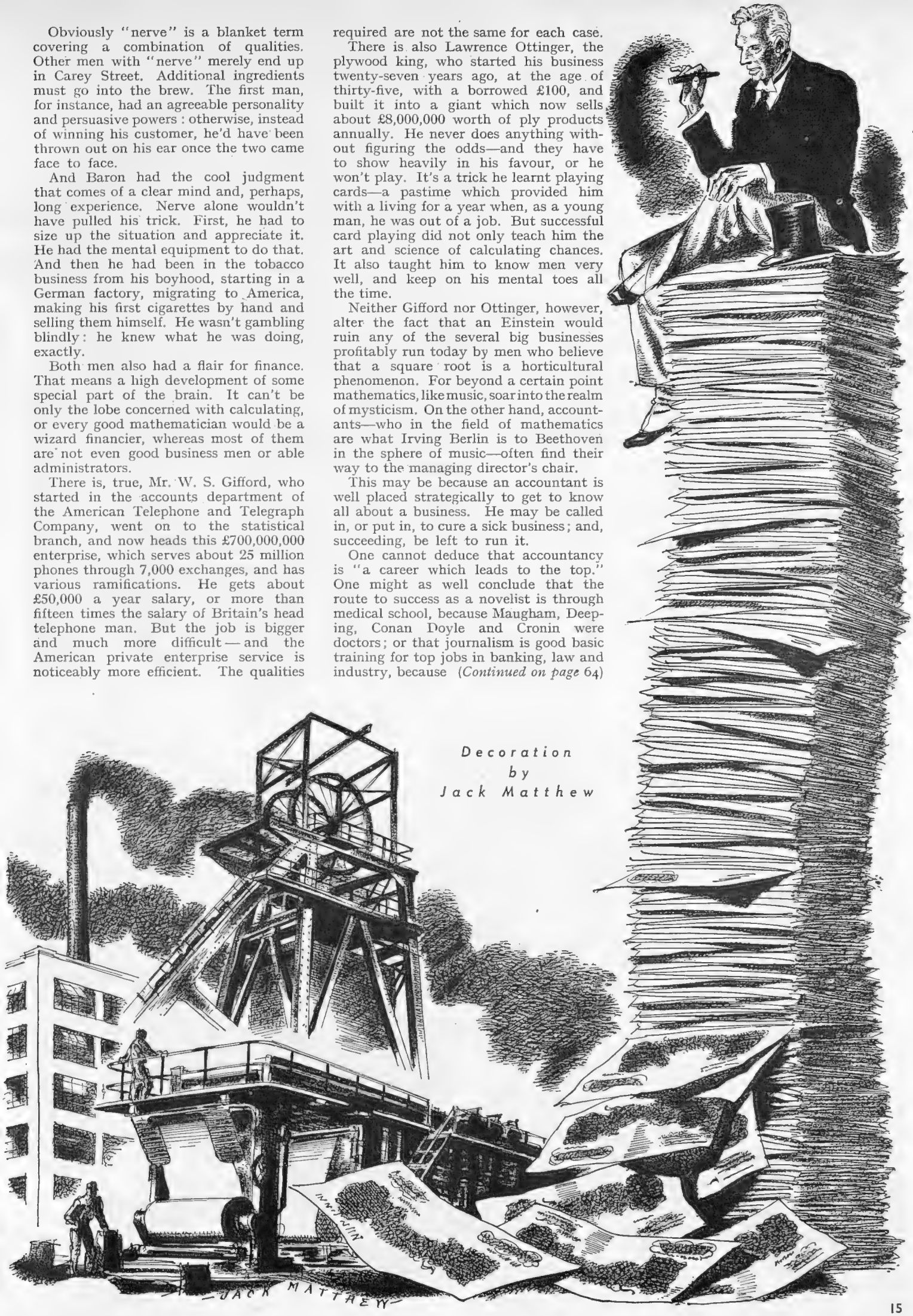
There is, true, Mr. W. S. Gifford, who started in the accounts department of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, went on to the statistical branch, and now heads this £700,000,000 enterprise, which serves about 25 million phones through 7,000 exchanges, and has various ramifications. He gets about £50,000 a year salary, or more than fifteen times the salary of Britain's head telephone man. But the job is bigger and much more difficult — and the American private enterprise service is noticeably more efficient. The qualities required are not the same for each case.

There is also Lawrence Ottinger, the plywood king, who started his business twenty-seven years ago, at the age of thirty-five, with a borrowed £100, and built it into a giant which now sells about £8,000,000 worth of ply products annually. He never does anything without figuring the odds—and they have to show heavily in his favour, or he won't play. It's a trick he learnt playing cards—a pastime which provided him with a living for a year when, as a young man, he was out of a job. But successful card playing did not only teach him the art and science of calculating chances. It also taught him to know men very well, and keep on his mental toes all the time.

Neither Gifford nor Ottinger, however, alter the fact that an Einstein would ruin any of the several big businesses profitably run today by men who believe that a square root is a horticultural phenomenon. For beyond a certain point mathematics, like music, soar into the realm of mysticism. On the other hand, accountants—who in the field of mathematics are what Irving Berlin is to Beethoven in the sphere of music—often find their way to the managing director's chair.

This may be because an accountant is well placed strategically to get to know all about a business. He may be called in, or put in, to cure a sick business; and, succeeding, be left to run it.

One cannot deduce that accountancy is "a career which leads to the top." One might as well conclude that the route to success as a novelist is through medical school, because Maugham, Deeping, Conan Doyle and Cronin were doctors; or that journalism is good basic training for top jobs in banking, law and industry, because (*Continued on page* 64)



Decoration by Jack Matthew

A Peace Palace

Haunted By History

By Ferdinand Tuohy

ANOTHER Paris Peace Conference! During the war the mere idea would have been laughed to scorn, such was the memory of January-June, 1919. The muddle and chicane, the enfevered atmosphere and background of cynical dealing and "leakages"! No, sir—Paris in the springtime was lovely for love, but no place for grave and crucial deliberations by visiting diplomats.

But here we are again. On May Day the teams of twenty-one nations will sit down in Paris—"all who actively waged war with substantial military forces against European enemy States"—to prescribe peace terms for Italy, Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania and Finland. There had been hope to include Austria, but she remains outside with Germany, only other absentee among those involved. Such are the disagreements over Italy, that there's a chance she too may not be summoned.

If she is, she will certainly drag out the peacemaking whose course has otherwise been largely settled in advance. For this is not going to be like notorious 1919 (or so it is hoped). No wrangling by the "Big Three," as Lloyd George, Wilson and Clemenceau wrangled in their chronic unpreparedness; no fighting for a League and Covenant, UNO having been created beforehand and separately. The "Big Three" of 1946, rather their deputies, will simply "give great weight" to suggestions by the smaller nations.

But perdition to the political side! I'm more interested in where the conference is to assemble—in the seventeenth-century Luxembourg Palace, long the French Senate, in the heart of the Latin Quarter. I doubt if another Paris mansion has its equivalent in personal history and trust that all the Americans, Russians, Britons, Chinese, Belgians, Brazilians, Czechs, Ukrainians, Ethiopians, Greeks, Indians, Australians, New Zealanders, Norse, Jugoslavs, South Africans, Dutch, Canadians, Bulgars, Hungarians, Finns, Rumanians and Italians, who will presently admire the Throne Room where they'll sign, will give thought to all who've passed that way since Marie de Medici ordered its construction in 1618.

Where the Peace Conference, scheduled to take place in May, will meet. The Conference Hall in the Luxembourg Palace, Paris, built by Marie de Medici, widow of Henry IV of France, in 1620

A view of the Luxembourg Palace, Paris, seen from the courtyard

(On right) A magnificent ornate doorway in the "Victor Hugo" Room in the Luxembourg Palace

SIXTY years before, the Duc de Piney-Luxembourg had selected the spot for a retreat outside the walls of Paris, and his obscure title has stuck to the site through all vicissitudes and momentous occasions. When Henri Quatre's Italian widow arrived on the scene, she wanted something resplendently Renaissance and ordered the architect Delbrosse to build a replica of the Pitti Palace in Florence. And lo, by 1625 it was so, and mainly embellished within by Rubens, Poussin and Philippe de Champagne whose work withstood a general décor in silver for which Marie had a passion.

There was another thing about that interior. The Marquise de Rambouillet had just revolutionized house life. Prior to her, even the aristocracy lived in low-ceilinged, small-windowed dwellings whose one and only scheme was a reception-room on one side, a bedroom on the other and a staircase in the middle. No dining-room. One ate anywhere according to whim and from trays carried in. Guests often ate in their hosts' bedrooms. The marquise revolted, but could find no architect capable of inspiring change. Then one night she did it herself. "Give me a pencil, quick!" she cried—and sketched the house interior that survived into the twentieth century. "The staircase on one side, so as to have a large suite of rooms, heightened ceilings, and tall, spacious windows and doors opposite one another."

Marie built the Luxembourg like that. A great deal has been added in the 300 years since, and much else lost—all the Rubens allegories of Marie from childhood (*Continued on p. 51*)

Scientists Are Crazy

A Story Of The Defence Against The Atomic Bomb

By Day Russell

WHEN the problem of the atomic bomb was finally solved, the simplicity of the solution was the most remarkable thing about it. Christopher Columbus had once confounded the cleverest men of his time by asking them to stand an egg on end and then had solved the problem by tapping the egg sharply on the table whereupon it stood upon its flattened end. Simplicity is the keynote of all greatness.

When the delegation of scientists stood before the President of the United States, world affairs had reached a desperate impasse. A neurosis of fear was destroying the sanity of peoples. The neurosis had passed through its simpler manifestations of distrust, suspicion and recrimination, which had split the world into two camps. It had flared into a violent spirit of aggression when the unbearable tensions had spurred the unthinking elements of the population to cry for the destruction of the other half of the world while there was yet time to save their own half. This aggressiveness had in its turn collapsed when it was quietly announced by the other half of the world that they too, knew, not only the secret of the atomic bomb, but methods of production and had in fact been producing a particularly lethal atomic bomb for some time past.

HE spoke simply and directly without any preliminaries. "We have solved the problem of defence against the atomic bomb"

It was then that the neurosis of fear came up to the surface and infected nations with a queer and ugly instability, rotting public and private morality. The knowledge of all this was heavy upon the President as he faced the small group of scientists.

"Gentlemen, you wished to discuss the atomic bomb with me?"

The scientists looked towards their spokesman who stepped forward, a middle-aged man with a serenity of countenance that was striking in such harried times. This was the man whose photograph, with a younger keener face, had been so prominently featured as one of the most brilliant of the scientists who had developed the first atomic bombs.

He spoke simply and directly, without any preliminaries. "We have solved the problem of defence against the atomic bomb."

The announcement seemed to shock the President in the way good news can temporarily stun one who has been immersed in bad news. He looked from one face to another in the group.

"Thank God," he said. "At last we shall be able to live in peace of mind."

Dr. Overmaier smiled faintly, a sad kind of smile. "It depends," he said. "No one can live in peace who is afraid of death."

"I don't follow you," said the President.

"There is an old Persian proverb," said the doctor. "The coward dies a thousand deaths; the brave man dies but once. Our solution involves great moral courage."

The President made a gesture as if to brush such an unscientific statement away from a purely scientific problem. "I think we should leave that side of the matter to our churches."

Dr. Overmaier smiled again the same slightly sad smile. "We hope to. But it would seem that they need our help at a time like this. Every man is born to die. But it is within the choice of every man to decide whether he will die well or meanly. The churches can teach men how to decide; we will provide the choice."

The President was being taken a little out of his depth. "I don't see what all this has to do with the atomic bomb."

"I will explain," said the scientist. "But first I must introduce my colleagues, who have a very important bearing upon the secrets we are about to reveal."

He then introduced world-famous scientists from England, Denmark, Italy, France and other countries. Two remained whose Slavic faces were familiar but not so immediately recognizable as the others.

"We have here," said Dr. Overmaier finally, "two of the most distinguished scientists in atomic research in that great country which has so far been our only rival."

The effect was electric. For a fleeting moment, the President looked like a man who had been trapped into a wholly unfamiliar situation. At a moment when the slightest indiscretion might plunge the whole nation into disastrous conflict, these impractical scientists had the stupidity to bring with them the two most dangerous men in the world to listen to a revelation of a secret vital to the security of the country. The President with the acumen of an experienced politician recovered his poise and even lost the air of worry that had been wrinkling his brow.

He spoke the usual warm words of welcome and at the same time managed to press unobtrusively a button. Equally unobtrusively a couple of Special Service men slipped into the room behind the scientists. Then the President with even warmer words complimented the two scientists upon their fame in the world of science and did it in such a way that the Special Service men knew to whom he was referring. Then, even more warmly, the President said what a great privilege and pleasure it had been to meet them in the company of such distinguished colleagues; he hoped he would have the pleasure of a longer discussion at a more appropriate occasion. By now he was around his desk shaking hands with them in a way that obviously told everyone there that he was dismissing this particular pair. He beckoned to the two Special Service men and announced without a break in the smoothness of his talk that they would see the two scientists safely—and surely—out.

It was the raised hand and the slow smile of Dr. Overmaier that interfered with the smoothness of the procedure.

"I think," he said, "our distinguished colleagues had better stay."

"No one would like better than I," replied the President, "to take more of the valuable time of these two gentlemen, but in times of emergency the national security must override other considerations."

"They are here in the interests of our national security," said Dr. Overmaier gently. His voice had a quiet but stubborn insistence that was compelling. "In fact, so much so that if they leave, we others will also leave."

There was a significant pause, and not a flicker of expression on the two Slavic faces.

"Mr. President," continued Dr. Overmaier. "When the atomic bomb was first discovered, the question of secrecy was taken out of the hands of the scientists. That was not unnatural because the nation had footed a bill of two billion dollars and, being the piper, had some right to call the tune. You will remember how some time later we, the scientists, offered to explore the possibilities of counteracting the atomic bomb if the nation would stake another fifty billion dollars in research. You yourself know the answer of Congress to that proposal. You have seen in the state of the nation, in the state of the world, the results of the two short-sighted policies of secrecy and economy."

The President held up his hand. "I think we could discuss all this to better advantage at a smaller gathering." His

Illustrations by W. Smithson-Broadhead

UNABLE to restrain their impatience, the two Secret Service men dashed to the can, retrieved the box which had fallen open

eyes carefully avoided the two expressionless Slavic faces.

Dr Overmaier shook his head. "It might be too late. In view of the situation at that time, and in view of the rapidly deteriorating state of world affairs, my colleagues and I decided that there might be some simpler way to solve the problem and for some years now we have been—excepting our two distinguished guests—exploring possibilities, I am happy to say, with complete success. Our two guests have already been told the results of our work, and have been shown the basic principles. There is now no possible secrecy."

The President had walked behind his desk. Now with his hands resting on the desk he looked up at Dr. Overmaier. "You mean that without consulting the legislative bodies elected by the people of your country, you have chosen to betray a secret of the utmost importance to the security of the people of this great country?"

"If we have done it," said Dr. Overmaier, "it was only to restore to that great country the dignity and greatness it has sacrificed in these past few years to craven fears."

The President was nonplussed. He looked from Dr. Overmaier to the two representatives of the rival country.

"Well," he said abruptly. "What is this secret?"

Dr. Overmaier smiled again. "You have heard how in our experiments with the atom we have been able to transmute one element into another, lead into gold for instance, on a very minor scale, of course. You are also familiar with the destruction of the atom in the principle of the atomic bomb. We felt after many experiments, limited as we were to the facilities afforded by our ordinary research laboratories, that our path of solution lay not in neutralizing the atomic bomb, but in using its effect to start and continue in a chain reaction the changing of one element to another. Oxygen was the element we chose for our purpose. (*Continued on page* 52)

Heirlooms For Everyone...

National Trust Properties Of All Types

By Wilma Buckley

WE may, as a nation, be poor in money, in food supplies, in material aspects; but at least we are rich in an inheritance of beauty and tradition. Although it is said that one cannot live on a view, it is also said that man cannot live by bread alone—that is, by the mere necessities of life unrelieved by any finer element.

It is something to know that the National Trust has secured to us for ever (or at least for as long as "There'll always be an England"!) whole tracts of land, great houses and their parks and gardens, manors and cottages and buildings of historical importance; to be enjoyed and possessed by everyone in the kingdom.

A National Trust property which contains superb furniture, fine heraldic glass, plaster work and panelling, is Montacute House, in Somerset. This house is a glorious example of Elizabethan Renaissance in golden Hamhill stone, surrounded by terraced gardens, yew hedges, and lawns. It is hoped to form a museum of period contents in the house

Gobelin tapestries woven in 1775 by Neilson, from a design "L'Amour des Dieux" by Boucher, in the Tapestry room at Osterley Park. This famous mansion with 320 acres will be accepted, subject to the approval of the Middlesex County Council, by the National Trust as a gift from Lord Jersey

The first gift to the National Trust, Dinas Oleu, 4½ acres of beautiful cliffland, overlooking Cardigan Bay. Given to the Trust in 1895 by Mrs. Fanny Talbot

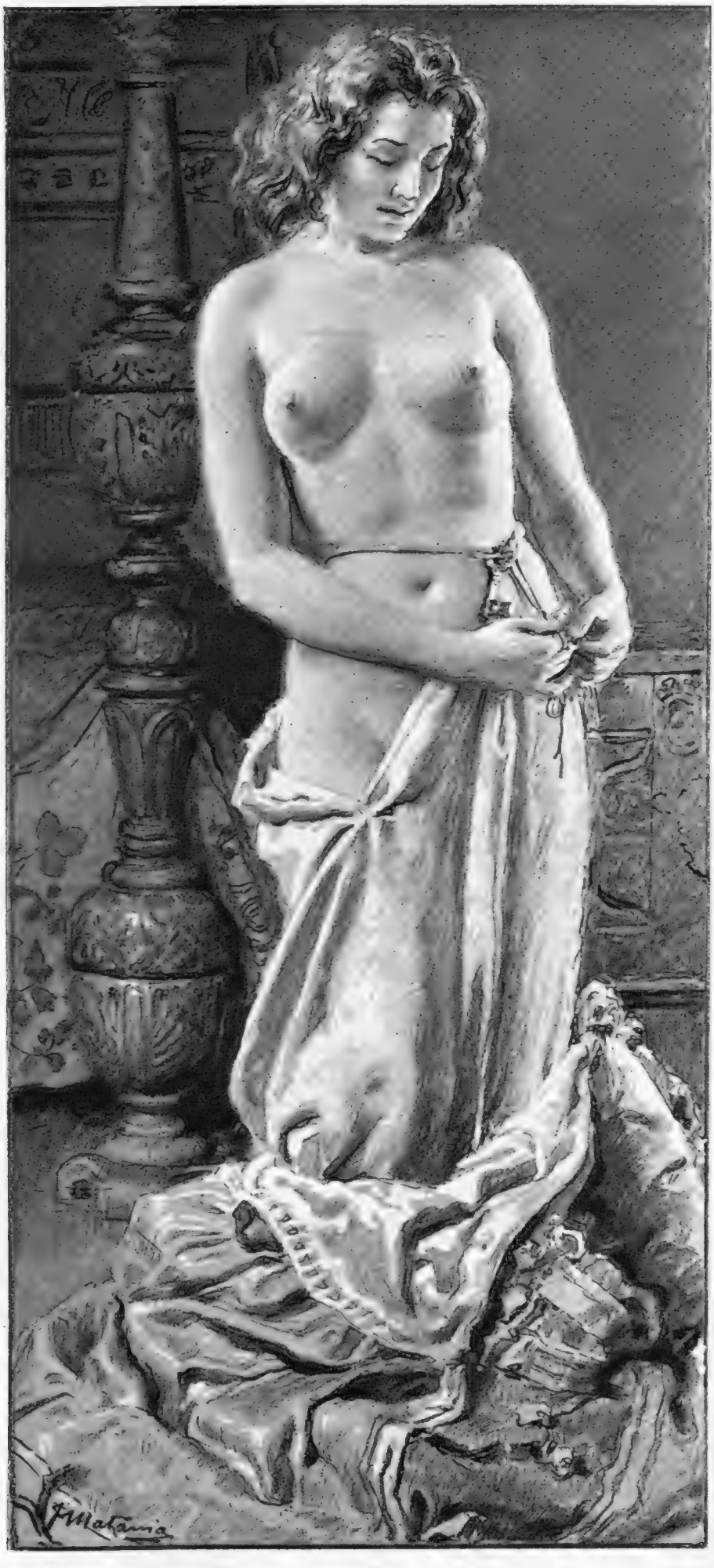
The description of every kind of property owned or protected by the National Trust would fill a whole volume (two books have, indeed, lately appeared on this subject); space permits only of a brief note on certain representative types of these properties, to whet the reader's appetite for further information and—where possible—for personal exploration of these treasures.

There is, for instance, the little-known and superlatively beautiful coast of Pembrokeshire in Wales, as spectacular a stretch of scenery as any of the tourist-favoured coastal beauty spots of Devon and Cornwall. Here are Lydstep Haven, with its secluded beach, stark, steep cliff and mysterious caverns; St. Bride's Bay on the open Atlantic; the majestic range of cliffs near St. David's; miniature islands; deserted, bird-haunted bays; whitewashed farms set in the green hillside, far in the west and remote from the world's fever and fret.

The Great Hall of Treasurer's House, York, where the minster treasurers once lived. An exceptionally interesting building mainly of the seventeenth century. Presented to the National Trust in 1930 by Mr. Frank Green, together with a valuable collection of furniture and pictures

Town houses are included in our safeguarded inheritance, too, chosen sometimes for their associations with personalities apart from any intrinsic merit. Among these is Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row, first occupied by the historian in 1834, his home for more than forty years. Chelsea, now so fashionable, was then an ideal retreat for (*Continued on page* 54).

Old Tales Re-told



The Incomparable Lady Cathcart

Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

NO drowsy, eyelashed film-star with her dumbfounding bag of stale love-philtres had anything on the lovely Elizabeth Malyn as a connoisseur of husbands. Sir Richard Steele, the famous essayist, once met her on horseback at Enfield Chase. She impressed him so much with her "surpassing loveliness that he ever referred in enraptured terms to her charms of beauty, health, youth and modesty."

She began her trips to the altar at the more or less tender age of eighteen, urgently requested by distracted parents eager to have her settled. They had chosen James Fleet, the naïve son of the Lord Mayor of London in 1692. Her second husband, Colonel Sabine, a Governor of Gibraltar, had plenty of money. Her third, Lord Cathcart, commanded the greatest British fleet that ever sprang at heaven's command from out the azure main, bound for the West Indies. Her fourth, Colonel Maguire, the only man she married for love, proved not only an autocrat at the breakfast-table the first day of her honeymoon, but a disaster. She wore a ring on her finger engraved with the couplet

> If I survive,
> I will have five.

Elizabeth survived, but did not marry again, although she stuck to the name Lady Cathcart. Hugh Maguire, the good-looking Irish laughing cavalier, had been too much even for her wide matrimonial experience.

"What the devil do you mean, Hugh?" demanded the angry Lady Cathcart at their first breakfast alone at her home, Welwyn Manor. "Who gave you leave to pack my best silver and sell it to dealers in London?"

"I'm smothered in debt," guffawed Colonel Maguire. "I need money. You won't give me any. We're married now, and what's yours is mine. That's the law, isn't it? Where on earth have you hidden all those jewels you wore at the wedding yesterday? I searched your dressing-table while you lay asleep."

Lady Cathcart made a gesture of impatience. "I'll see you never lay a finger on my jewels, you—you—highwayman! That silver belonged to Lord Cathcart."

She was still a strikingly handsome woman, every inch a well-preserved lady, English to the backbone, very much alive and irresistible. Her eyes were wise and experienced. The only signs of age, which she tolerated with good grace, were fine wrinkles at the corners of her eyes, the result of ready smiles. Her head was well-poised and her carriage confident.

COLONEL HUGH MAGUIRE had seen many wars in Europe and had fought for Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary. He made no secret of the fact that he had married Lady Cathcart for her money. Like Petruchio, in "The Taming of the Shrew," he undertook to

Lady Cathcart put the title-deeds, wrapped in oiled paper, in an iron chest behind the door and fastened the key around her naked waist

marry her practically before he had seen her, a purely commercial matrimonial adventurer. She had already bought him a Colonel's commission in the British Army when he was on his way to the gutter. He had the sly look of the bully who thought he was getting away with some petty tyranny. He looked more dignified and impressive than clever, and was less vital than his wife, in spite of the smack and tang of his winning tongue.

"Nice way to begin a honeymoon," Lady Cathcart went on bitterly. "You told me you had a big estate in Fermanagh. Why don't you borrow on it?"

"I've tried, my dear," laughed the hardened gallant, unperturbed. "Tempo's ancestral halls are a liability, not an asset. How about raising me some money on this big house of yours? Where are the title-deeds?"

"Where you will never find them!" she snapped angrily, and left the table, her breakfast untouched.

LADY CATHCART spent a tearful morning in her bedroom. She knew there was no time to be lost. She locked her door, took off all her clothes, and sewed her more valuable jewels in the folds of her voluminous petticoats. She plaited more in her magnificent hair. The title-deeds to her house she hid even more carefully. Behind a heavy curtain was a concealed door. She put the title-deeds, wrapped in oiled paper, in an iron chest behind the door and fastened the key around her naked waist. Mortification at his ferocious disregard for her beauty and his preoccupation with her money nerved her to outwit this derisive, fortune-hunting Irishman.

He swaggered about Welwyn Manor as if he owned it. He was familiar with the maids. He drank, gambled, sang bawdy choruses with the stable-boys one day and beat them the next, much to their astonishment. He kept up a brisk sale of Lady Cathcart's movable property, horses, silver, pictures, books. The dealers chuckled when he brought them her trousseau.

"If you'd only get me some real money with a mortgage on this castle," he retorted when Lady Cathcart appealed to his honour, "I'd drop this tawdry hawking like a shot."

"I'll never do that," she said. "I'm humiliated enough before the servants and neighbours. They all know what takes you to London so often."

Maguire grinned broadly. "My attorney says it would be all quite simple. All he needs is my signature and your title-deeds. He'd lend me ten thousand pounds."

"Clever man," she scoffed. "Did he tell you how to pay it back? Have you no money?"

"Not a penny; never had. Where are those deeds, Elizabeth?"

"My attorney has them."

"Liar! He says you have them here at Welwyn."

"You saw him?"

"Yesterday. Wouldn't lend me a penny and showed me the door, damn his yellow, foxy face!"

Lady Cathcart looked at him thoughtfully and left the room, wondering what his next move would be.

ONE morning a week later the determined Colonel Maguire planned to kidnap his wife and take her to Ireland. "I'm taking you for a drive," he said pleasantly, "to see an old friend. The coach and horses are ready at the front gates."

Maguire was thorough. He bribed two highwaymen to beat and rob the messenger of the writ as well as all his papers

Maguire her husband turned jailer and brought her meals and held a pistol to her head if she showed signs of making a disturbance

When Lady Cathcart found the drive rather prolonged she asked suspiciously, " Where are we going? Take me home immediately."

" You 're on the road to Holyhead," he replied grimly, cracking his whip at the horses. " You 're going to Ireland. A stay at my Tempo castle will bring you to your senses about those title-deeds. Chester 's the first stop. I 've booked rooms at the White Lion Inn, where we 'll stay a night or two before taking the packet to Dublin."

She tightened her lips and said nothing. She hoped something would happen at Chester to stop this mad journey.

Lady Cathcart's attorney had no illusions about Maguire. When he heard of her long absence in the coach, he immediately approached the Lord Chief Justice, explained the position,

Maguire tore away the hangings and pressed the wooden panel. The door only moved a few inches. With sweat on his brow, he renewed his frantic efforts. The servants tried to dissuade him, but he drove them from the room with curses

and asked for a writ of *habeas corpus*. This was granted. The attorney sent a messenger to Chester hoping to detain Lady Cathcart in England. Unfortunately, the messenger did not know her by sight. The crafty Maguire had got wind of the plot to hold his wife, and bribed a woman of the streets to impersonate Lady Cathcart at the White Lion Inn.

"I 'm going to Ireland with my husband of my own free will," this woman haughtily told the puzzled messenger. "I resent his interference. Go back to Welwyn and tell my friends I am quite all right."

Maguire was thorough. He further bribed two highwaymen to beat and rob the messenger of the writ and all his papers. This job they carried out efficiently, handing Maguire the writ to hold Lady Cathcart.

They soon crossed the Irish Sea, and a few days later she was a prisoner in a wild, rambling Ulster castle, Maguire's home at Tempo, County Fermanagh. He told his ignorant Irish servants, "She 's not quite right in the head, and has come to Tempo for a rest. Don't try to see her or she 'll do you an injury." The superstitious servants fervently crossed themselves and avoided her locked room like the plague. Maguire, her husband turned jailer, brought every meal and held a pistol to her head if she showed signs of making a disturbance. "Tell me where your title-deeds and jewels are and you 'll be back at Welwyn (*Continued on page 52*)

A close-up study of the hedgehog, said by many to suck the milk from cows

Nature Article

Awakening Of The Hedgehog

By B. Melville Nicholas

THE hedgehog is easily identified for it is the only British animal that wears a coat of sharp spines and when, a short while ago, I heard a rustling sound beneath the fallen leaves, I paused to watch until a hedgehog emerged carrying grass in his mouth. It was late afternoon and I don't think the hedgehog noticed me, because he hurried along the hedgerow without the slightest hesitation and disappeared beneath a gorse bush. Curiosity prompted me to follow him, only to find that in a sheltered cavity the animal was making his winter bed.

Several days passed before I went that way again. It was a bitterly cold winter's day but beneath the gorse bush I found, as I had expected, the hedgehog soundly asleep in a nest of leaves, moss and grasses. So soundly asleep was he that although I parted the grasses and stroked him with my finger, he did not even blink an eyelid. And there I left him. But by the time these words appear in print the warmer weather of spring will have aroused the prickly sleeper.

His return to normal activity, however, will be gradual, and at first the hedgehog will merely twist and turn in his bed; then he will stretch his legs and open his eyes until eventually a warm sunny day sees him pushing his nose through his "bed-clothes" and taking a sniff at the early spring air.

His surroundings prove irresistible and forth toddles the hedgehog, but quite unlike the fat, plump creature that "turned in" last autumn. The truth is, of course, that during his long winter sleep the hedgehog has been drawing upon its resources of fat, and when spring calls it back to life again it is but a shadow of its former self.

With ordinary luck, however, the awakened hedgehog soon finds a few tasty titbits on which to feast and so gradually puts on weight, for hedgehogs have a varied menu consisting mainly of worms, slugs and insects, with an occasional mouse, toad, adder or grass-snake added.

TO watch a hedgehog attack an adder is most amusing. Everything depends upon the hedgehog's being able to approach unawares and give the first bite. This it does savagely, immediately rolling itself into its prickly coat to await the reptile's reaction; but the reptile soon realizes that its jabs have no effect upon its opponent's spiky armour and recoils—only to find that the hedgehog is ready to repeat its attack. Thus the battle continues until the adder is no longer able to retaliate or escape, and the victorious hedgehog sits down to enjoy its feast. Although there is a popular belief that the hedgehog first eats the reptile's head, this is a variable rule and I have seen adders disappear down a hedgehog's throat tail first, just as often as head first, and I don't think the animal is at all particular as to which end it begins at.

Hedgehogs are, of course, mainly nocturnal in their activities and this fact makes personal observation of their movements difficult, but I have always been fortunate enough to live in a district where hedgehogs are numerous and have had many opportunities to study them, both wild and domesticated.

(On left) A hedgehog in a suspicious attitude, undecided whether to roll himself up or not

A mother hedgehog and her twins. At birth they are about an inch in length and blind

THE sexes are alike and, as a rule, bring forth their young in May. At birth they are tiny, about an inch in length and blind. For the first week or two (*Continued on page* 67)

The Man Who Hated Red Tape

He Took The Chance Of Doing The Necessary Thing In The Quickest, Most Effective Manner

By Norah Lofts

Illustrations By Jack Faulks

THE life of the plainest and eldest Miss Pole-Stapleton was greatly brightened by the appearance of a handsome young man who had specially asked to be introduced to her at a dance where she was having a thin time

SIR HENRY POLE-STAPLETON had wasted his opportunities. Had he been a man of sense he would have lived by exploiting his appearance and probably ended in Hollywood as the perfect example of that comparatively rare thing, a handsome English gentleman. He had the spare upright figure, the small well-moulded head, the neat clipped moustache, the straight honest gaze, the deep musical voice and the easy manner which are the attributes of the aristocrat in fiction. The mere sight of him set one thinking of old country houses, old port, old spaniels, effigies of ancestors in village churches, foxhounds meeting on village greens.

Actually he had never been able to afford an old country house; what old port he had drunk had been provided at somebody else's expense; he had never owned a spaniel because his life had been spent between a small flat in London and various remote outposts of Empire where recognizable breeds of dogs do not thrive, and for the same reason his knowledge of fox-hunting was negligible. Of ancestors he certainly had a-plenty, but he never gave them a thought.

In the fifty-fifth year of his age he retired (against his will, in obedience to a hint that could not be regarded lightly) from a high-sounding but thankless office in one of the less important colonies, and began looking round for some mildly remunerative post in which to spend the rest of his life. His pension was meagre and his private means microscopic.

He had been dogged, all through his life, by the marked disapproval of his superiors, and that told against him now. He was, as grave men pointed out to one another, more in sorrow than in anger, "utterly unreliable." Many people had been affronted by the fact that so apparently stereotyped a person should so often behave in an original and entirely unorthodox fashion. For Henry Pole-Stapleton suffered from having a complete disregard for the sacred red tape which holds the administrative machine together. Several times he had forestalled, or disregarded, orders from on high; and though his actions on these occasions had undoubtedly saved English lives and English prestige—still, we can't have people taking the law into their own hands in this fashion. Recall him. And Sir Henry would be recalled and appointed to a post more dangerous, more uncomfortable, more mosquito-infested than before; and sooner or later he would trip over the red tape again and the process would be repeated.

IN his private life he was unaccountable too. As a poor man, of modest but respectable title, fantastic good looks and ambitions which he took no trouble to conceal, one would have expected him to marry for money or influence; but he had chosen for his wife the pretty, penniless daughter of an Irish clergyman whom he had met when he was fishing (cheaply) on one of his leaves. He had remained fastidiously faithful to her and she had loyally accompanied him whenever his post was in a climate where a white woman could live decently; and she had borne him one son, very handsome, and three daughters, who were regrettably and unaccountably plain, for whom she cherished disproportionate ambitions.

When he retired, with an "Order" to sweeten the blow, Sir Henry, loathing the whole process with his soul, used what little influence he had managed to acquire in his ill-spent life, and was, after a period of acute anxiety and some financial embarrassment, given a humble appointment at the War Office, which involved, so far as he could see, nothing more than a constant unravelling and neat winding up again of the hated red tape. However, a man has certain responsibilities towards his family, and Sir Henry settled down to a tedious life with good grace.

But there came, one day, to his humble room in the War Office, a thin, hungry-looking young man who had invented, not a secret weapon, but a version of a known one which would double its efficiency. Sir Henry, falling prey to his dire failing, took one look at it, saw its enormous significance, warmly congratulated the young man and assured him that the Government would be a ready, grateful customer. He then spent six months trying to persuade his immediate superior to look at the invention, and another four trying to redeem his promise to the young man who seemed to be in jeopardy of death from starvation unless the money were paid promptly. Sir Henry's impetuosity was sharply chided and this new lapse recorded with the old ones, but at last—for the invention was really remarkable—the idea was accepted officially, tests were made, the money paid over, the model and the sketches locked away and the whole thing forgotten.

But other eyes had been watching the activities of the hungry young man, who, now that the business was concluded and in the right hands, saw no evil in making a complacent boast or two. He had most providently purchased a nice new overcoat, and, less praiseworthily, taken to eating and drinking in expensive places.

Overtures, having nothing to do with Sir Henry, might have been made to the young man, but for the fact that he decided to satisfy a long-felt wish to visit Mexico, and one day set sail incontinently without telling anyone where he was going.

So then those same keen eyes began to go through the dossiers of all the people, great and small, who had access to the department where Sir Henry spent his time. It would have surprised those lordly ones to learn how intimately their private affairs were known to these secret watchers. They knew the incomes, the expenditures, the debts, the obligations and the prospects of all these sleek gentlemen. And experience led them to linger lovingly over the record of Sir Henry Pole-Stapleton. A poor man, with a rapacious family; a man out of favour, so possibly disgruntled; a man with a record for untraditional behaviour, therefore approachable.

VERY soon after the thin young man had disappeared, the life of the plainest and eldest Miss Pole-Stapleton was greatly brightened by the appearance of a handsome young man who had specially asked to be introduced to her at a dance where she was having a thin time. He spoke English with an impeccable accent and had a sonorous foreign title. Lady Pole-Stapleton, to whom poor Evelyn's future had been a matter of anxiety, welcomed the young man with delight, and Sir Henry, who was oddly free from insular prejudice, accepted his presence

about the house without protest or overmuch questioning. Once or twice he even disappeared with him into the slip of a room dignified by the name of "study" and emerged with an expression of pleasure upon his face which was rather misleading to Lady Pole-Stapleton.

Eventually the handsome young man, after feeling his way as carefully as a stranger wandering through a darkened house, brought out the proposition that he had been sent to make. His country, he said, was interested in the thin young man's invention. A little trouble was expected in the south-eastern corner of Europe. There was, of course, no question, no question at all of the weapon ever being turned against Englishmen. Had not the young man's country and England just signed an "amity pact" which would ensure peace for so many years that by the time it was ended all known weapons, including the new invention, would be obsolete?

"If it were a trade pact I'd feel easier," said Sir Henry, "they wear better." But the remark was lost upon the handsome young man who was of a literal turn of mind and delighted not to have a direct refusal. He proceeded to mention the sum which would pass into Sir Henry's possession in return for a copy of the starveling's sketches. The amount made Sir Henry's heart jolt. It seemed a very large sum in comparison with the value of the corner of Europe whose subjugation it was intended to ensure.

However, he only said, in the easy voice which had deceived people before, "I'r not sure that it's wor h it."

"It is the most I am permitted to offer. But I will report your reaction. I may also say that you are willing to negotiate, may I not?"

"Negotiate, yes," said Sir Henry.

"Time is of vital importance," said the young man and took his leave.

Within an hour there was a personal call for Sir Henry on the telephone. As he announced his identity a voice which he did not recognize said: "Sir Henry, a mistake was made this evening. For twenty-five read thirty."

"Thank you," said Sir Henry calmly, though his heart jolted more than ever. He replaced the receiver.

The young man returned with Evelyn the next evening and drifted into the study.

"You are now satisfied?" he asked.

"It's better," Sir Henry agreed. "But I've been thinking. You and I get on very well, but it seems to me that in a thing of this size I ought to deal with the fellow at the top. Apart from anything else you're almost one of the family——"

The young man turned sulky. "The matter was placed in my hands," he said. "I was to make the deal."

"I hate to contradict," said Sir Henry with his frank smile, "but the voice which said a mistake had been made wasn't yours. Now, whoever *he* is, I'll do the rest of the talking with him."

The young man remained stubborn for ten minutes, but Sir Henry remained stubborn for twelve. At the end of that time a telephone call was made by the young man, rather deflated, and an appointment was made for the following evening, late, and not in Sir Henry's house.

SIR HENRY carelessly thrust the certificates into his overcoat pocket

WHEN, led by the young man, Sir Henry was ushered into the presence of Authority, he recognized it with a profound shock. Any doubts—and he had entertained some—as to the truth of that story about trouble in a remote south-eastern corner of Europe were now dispelled. And he thought, with a feeling of disgust, if I reported this, which I suppose would be the correct thing to do, it'll be my word against his and who'd believe *me*? And suppose the newspapers got wind of it?

The handsome young man turned and said, rather prettily: "Will you say goodbye to Evelyn for me, sir? I have been called to Paris unexpectedly and have to catch the night boat. I have much enjoyed your hospitality and hope that we shall meet again."

Authority said harshly: "And now that that pleasant pretence is ended we'll cut the frills. What was your idea in wanting to see *me*? I am not accustomed to appear personally in these matters."

"I have found," said Sir Henry pleasantly, "that one saves time and effort by direct methods. I won't waste your time." He took from his pocket a slip of paper upon which were jotted the names of his wife and children, the names of various shares, with numbers and the prices against each. No very

(*Continued on page 62*)

CHILDREN OF MOTHER INDIA

Indian girls soon learn to work, and help their mothers by dandling on their slender hips their younger brothers and sisters

A young Telega girl is surprised while washing her feet with a pitcher of water, and looks none too pleased about it. At Vizagapatam, on the east coast

(On right) A fisher boy of Mahe. Hindu or Moslem? It is impossible to say, but the catch is good, so he is very happy and smiles at the photographer

A christening of Malayali twins at Santa Cruz Church, Cochin. Twenty-five per cent of Malabar people are Christians

Three little girls from school? Probably not, for few Indians believe in spending money on girls' education

Buskers or beggars? Two boys at Ernakulam, capital of Cochin State, who sing duets to solicit alms, beating time on their stomachs

EVERY day in India some 41,000 children are born. It is difficult to grasp the significance of this avalanche of brown-skinned babies, tumbling into the world at the rate of fifteen millions a year. But they have one significance of vital importance just now. These children are the future voters and rulers of India.

These sons and daughters of simple peasants and fishermen are so like English children in their charm and grace; yet so unlike their background. Some will be brought up in the Christian faith (there are six million Christians in India). Some know what it is to beg almost as soon as they can walk. Others will be learning to fish and to handle primitive log canoes. The little girls playing so light-heartedly, or dandling on slender hips their younger brothers and sisters, may be married before they are ten.

The wranglings of political parties, which overshadow the Indian scene today, do not worry them. Hindu and Moslem live and work together in the villages, and they must continue to do so, whoever rules. For the children of Mother India there are more pressing problems.

Almost one in six, or 2,400,000 out of the annual births, never reach their first birthday. This (*Continued on page* 56)

First-Footing

IT'S the bottom of the sea, Alison thought. We've plunged right down the mountain into the Caribbean.

For the light outside the car was a subdued aquamarine and shimmered like water, distorting, ribboning, confusing vision.

Honeymooning in the West Indies, Alison and Clark M'Cread had motored up the Blue Mountains for the view over the Bartlett Deep towards Cuba. The road down is a terrifying series of hair-pin bends between looming bare cliffs of volcanic ironstone and verdure-clad sheer drops bottomed intangibly with mists. Clouds necklace the peaks so that visibility is intermittent.

A stretch of flattish gradient and absence of mountain scud tempted Clark. A cloud unexpectedly wreathed the ledge road, and a hair-pin turn was followed so swiftly by another that Clark, swinging frantically on the wheel, locked his steering.

The car crashed the parapet wall: somersaulted over.

Right side up it dropped thistle-light into twenty-feet high bamboo grass and plunged through sap-soft tropical growth down an almost vertical scarp, splintering branches, tearing up roots, snapping canes, to rise like a diver from a clump of Panama fern and drop like a plummet. A great close-clustered traveller's palm crumpled under its impact and then cradled it resiliently.

A root stabbed through the floor: a broken back axle: a window wrenched out: three tyres gone: that was the total damage.

But on this New Year's Eve Clark and Alison M'Cread dropped right back into the seventeenth century.

"All right now, Alison, darling?" Clark inquired anxiously.

"I think so. I'm not sure yet. And you, Clark?"

"Yes. Miraculously. Your being knocked out frightened me. You've a nasty bruise on your temple. And I'll get a bandage on that leg of yours."

Alison realized that Clark had lifted her over to the rear seat and laid her with a seat cushion for a pillow. She struggled into a sitting position as he tied his handkerchief round her leg.

"I thought we'd dived into the sea."

"I don't know how far we came down. It seemed an endless drop to me. The brute who hired out this car should spend the rest of his life in jail," Clark said. "We'll have to climb up and thumb a lift back into Kingston."

Alison peered into the jungle shade and liana slapped at the glass. She drew back nervously.

"You sit and rest," Clark told her. "I'll survey the ground and find how to climb out."

"Clark! I'm nervous in this weird half-light."

"Nonsense! You'll be all right. I shan't be long."

He forced open the jammed door and slid and fell down the bent-over palm fronds to the ground. He felt a pigmy, dwarfed under the dim lofting greenness. He waved and went off. With no sense of direction he pushed haphazardly along as trees and shrubs permitted. He was, he discovered, in a sort of ravine. He found it to be some thirty feet wide with plant-clothed unscalable walls that were, so far as he could see, overhung. It struck him that the floor resembled a long buried road. He was enticed on, convinced it must lead somewhere.

And he was in two minds whether to return, and dreading that he might not find the car again, when a shout came from Alison: from directly ahead! He went on quickly, meanwhile scowling thoughtfully.

The unclimbable ravine was circular.

"Where have you been?" Alison cried. "I really got scared. I was coming in search of you."

"A good job you didn't," replied Clark. "An eerie place. And, until I find out how, apparently rather hard to get out of."

"The next time I go too," Alison decided. "No more sitting here alone. I feel like a tragedienne under a green lime."

"We'll smoke a cigarette. Then make another attempt. . . ."

IN the sixteenth century one Barsabas Redthroat, a buccaneer with even a bloodier reputation than Blackbeard achieved later, brought the half burned hulk of his corsair into Port Royal to abandon piracy in favour of a life of peace. In the mountains he found Utopia, a volcanic crater on a spur in which was centred a great mass of rock. A stronghold in embryo.

Completing the ready-made moat he threw a draw-bridge across, built upon the mound, and settled to a baronial existence upon ill-gotten gains. Even during its builder's lifetime the place was a rumour rather than a known fact, and in ensuing years, deserted through pestilence, it developed into a legend quickly covered by swift-growing tropic plants. Earthquakes sank the crater-enclosed stronghold into total obscurity.

It was into this subterranean ruin that the M'Creads had fallen.

They circumnavigated the exterior wall as close as was possible. It took a long time. They were weary when they

Into Fear

A Honeymoon Couple Meet With Adventure When They Accidentally Discover An Old Buccaneer's Castle

By Alan Hyder

scrambled across to go along the inside cliff face. Their car had crashed before noon. It was late in the evening when Clark, rounding a great clump of bougainvillaea that glowed like neon signs in the nebulous iridescence, was clutched by Alison.

"There's something, Clark. There! To the left!"

Clark beat free an opening. "You're right. It's a door."

"With steps to it. Broken. But still steps."

The remains of a thick door studded with the rust-skins of large bolts. They crumbled as Clark tore away the clinging tendrils. The inside was murky but stone steps could be discerned.

"The way out!" Clark cried gaily. "Come on, sweetheart."

Alison hung back. "It smells just like a graveyard," she said, fearfully.

"The alternative is staying here all night."

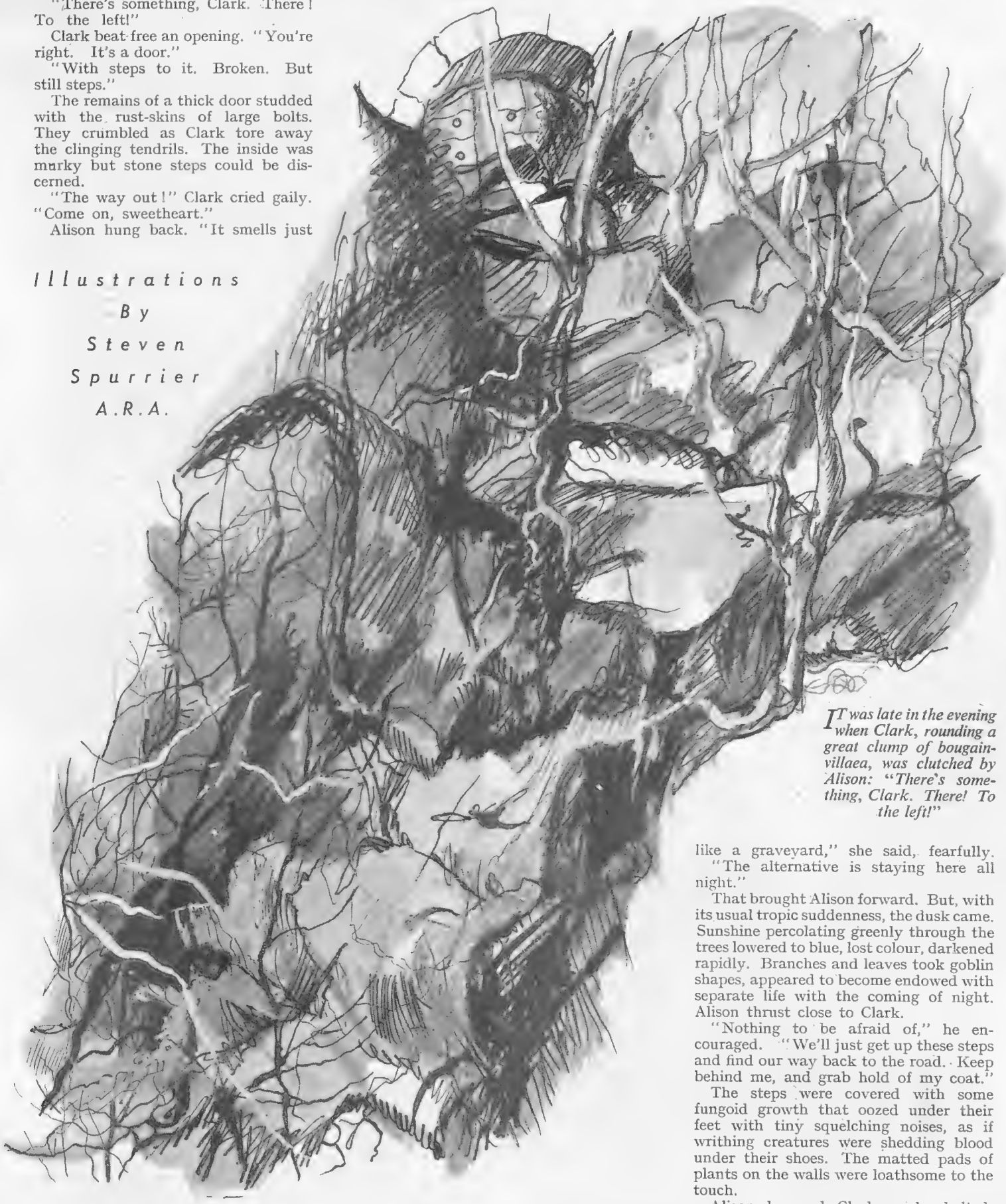
That brought Alison forward. But, with its usual tropic suddenness, the dusk came. Sunshine percolating greenly through the trees lowered to blue, lost colour, darkened rapidly. Branches and leaves took goblin shapes, appeared to become endowed with separate life with the coming of night. Alison thrust close to Clark.

"Nothing to be afraid of," he encouraged. "We'll just get up these steps and find our way back to the road. Keep behind me, and grab hold of my coat."

The steps were covered with some fungoid growth that oozed under their feet with tiny squelching noises, as if writhing creatures were shedding blood under their shoes. The matted pads of plants on the walls were loathsome to the touch.

Alison bumped Clark as he halted.

Illustrations By Steven Spurrier A.R.A.



IT was late in the evening when Clark, rounding a great clump of bougainvillaea, was clutched by Alison: "There's something, Clark. There! To the left!"

"Going to strike a match. Haven't many. We must surely be near the top now."

The steps cleared and became more even. The match-light pushed the blackness back a little way only but they saw the steps spiralled under a roof rough-hewn from the living rock. Clark had to spend another match where an earthquake had run the steps into a cascade. The air rustled protests at this disturbance after centuries of quietude. The currents increased as though a multitude of ghosts assembled. Clark swore as the match he hastily lit was blown out.

"Just a few bats flying about."

He was right. Except for his estimation of the number. As they climbed the flitter-mice swarmed above them. Alison's head bent and a hand went up in protection. Her grip on Clark's coat tightened.

Three more turns and Clark's outstretched groping hand penetrated something. A match showed a doorway. It was in better condition than the one below but white-ants had transformed solid timber into two mouldering sheets, paper-thin, with an interior of termite dust. They stepped through when Clark beat it down.

Into a courtyard. Between the flag stones plant-life had thrust so that it resembled a giant's draughtboard with every square on a different plane. A black, jagged, blind ruin rose starkly. Overhead, trees and palms slanted from the converging lip of the crater. Through them moonlight struggled to throw down fantastic designs of silver amidst the darkness.

"A horrible place!" Alison shivered. "A place of ghosts." And without warning she screamed and flung herself into Clark's arms.

The shriek echoed until a host of women screamed diminuendo and the alarmed bats wheeled in mad concentric circles about the serrated gables and broken chimneys.

"What was it?" Clark's voice shook, so startling was it.

Alison pointed towards the ruin. "Something—all humped like a monkey, scuttled across that patch of moonlight."

"Perhaps they don't know about those steps. We scared a darkie."

"Not so much as he scared me."

"I'll give 'em a call."

Between cupped hands he directed shouts in a circle, turning, driving the bats frantic.

"Clark! Stop! It's awful!"

Tomb-like the silence dropped down on them again, heavy and dank.

"Listen! What was that?"

"I—I thought I heard a sort of chuckle," Clark said. Then: "Alie! This place will get us both hearing all manner of things."

"Yes," she said. "I've got to be brave. If we do have to stay here the night we'll get out first thing in the morning."

"Of course. Impossible to build a house without having some means of getting to it—and leaving it."

Covered solidly with ivy and creeper the building's outlines were blurred. They looked in what once had been a mullioned window. Ebony substantial shadows slanted into the room below the sill, and above the transom so that the room was bisected athwart by a tunnel of light through blackness. Clark felt a dry crackling under his feet.

"There's stuff here that will burn," he said. "Two minutes and I'll have a fire that will drive the bogles away."

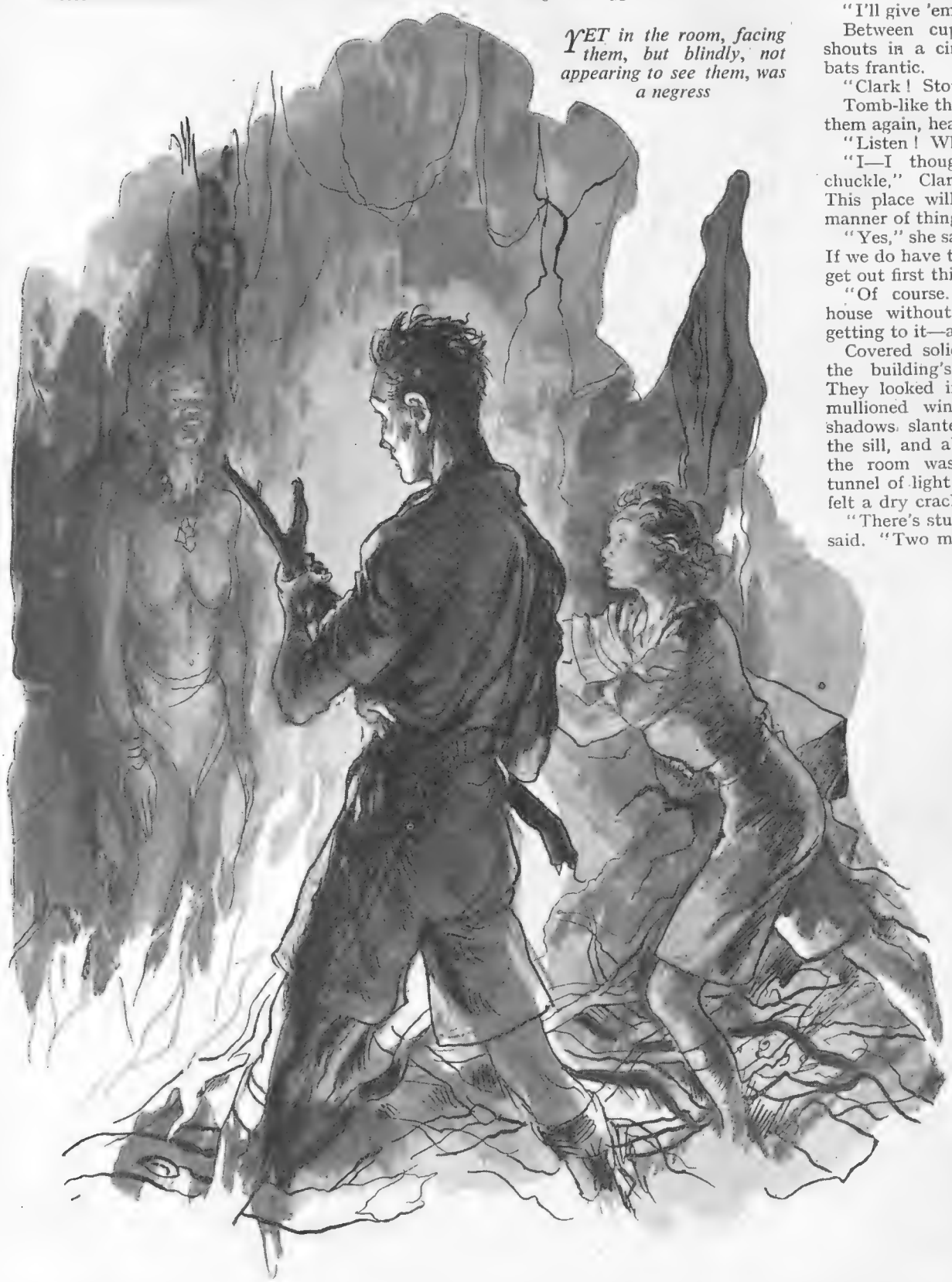
The dead shrub was covered with the living sap of others. Clark wrenched and tore away the live plants. He tossed branches through the window until they piled above the sill. With twigs he started a fire. The dancing red light flared and illuminated the room. It was large. In one corner a great tree grew stunted and white in the sunless place. With the retreating shadows retreated menacing little twin pin-pricks of ruby light. The fire gained and humped rats were caught momentarily.

For the second time an involuntary shriek came from Alison. Clark jerked up from stooping over the fire.

At the far end of the room, before an immense genie-like wavering shadow that curled high over him was the statue-like figure of a man . . . of a man with the head of an animal.

Clark forced his ebbing strength to take his wife in his arms as her limp body slid down his.

(*Continued on page 67*)



YET in the room, facing them, but blindly, not appearing to see them, was a negress

Flowers Around The House

FLOWERS around the house are a luxury that lucky people with gardens can revel in for the next few months. Beautiful and unusual arrangements are exciting in themselves, but doing the flowers involves something more than just getting the right colours and the right vases in just the right relationship. The freshness and durability of the flowers themselves is something to study.

The vitality of flowers is lost in the first minutes after they have been picked, so if you want garden flowers to live and show their loveliness to the best advantage, take a pail of water when you are gathering them. Plunge the stalks into the water immediately they are cut and leave them there for an hour before arranging them in their vases.

Never tear off flower stalks. Scissors will not do, either, as they are apt to crush and bruise the stalks. Use a sharp knife.

Hard-stemmed flowers, like roses and chrysanthemums, will live longer if the stems are split at the ends with a sharp knife. This aids the absorption of water and keeps them in good heart much longer.

Another advantage of putting freshly-picked flowers straight into a pail of water is that the blossoms are less likely to be bruised than when bunched roughly together after picking. Flowers are very delicate and need the lightest touch.

Remove all foliage from the lower ends of stems before arranging them in vases. Leaves left under water rot and turn rank. In a very short time the water is slimy and the flowers are wilted. In any case, it is an aid to graceful arrangement to have the lower stems stripped.

There is no need to remove flowers from their vase to renew the water. Simply top up without disturbing the arrangement at all.

Lovely effects can be obtained by introducing unconventional touches to flower arrangements. Ripe heads of corn are wonderful with yellow flowers. Kale makes a striking decoration in a white vase.

Reds, purples and pinks together are breath-takingly lovely in a blue china bowl or soup tureen. Primroses, polyanthuses and pansies in silver sauce-boats look beautiful at two corners of the dinner-table.

1. Shrill pink and purple lupins mixed with the clear blue of irises in a blue glass bowl. 2. An amber glass swan vase holds a few daffodil heads for this enchanting table decoration. 3. Double cherry-blossoms arranged with height and weight on one side in a simple garden trug. The stems are laid in moss, which is continually dampened to keep the flowers fresh.

DOMESTIC PESTS

One thing and the other has made "putting up with it" a fashionable accomplishment, but it does seem to be carrying endurance beyond the limits of sense and reason for housewives to go on taking petty, irritating and quite unnecessary discomforts in their stride when, in most cases, there is no good reason for enduring them at all.

These are a few examples of those typical, maddening and, in most cases, so easily-correctable faults of design and workmanship which are to be found in nearly every home, like a troup of resident gremlins chaining the housewife down.

Some co-operation from designers and manufacturers and a little more stubborn refusal from women to go on putting up with these petty irritations may succeed in banishing these familiar domestic pests from the British home.

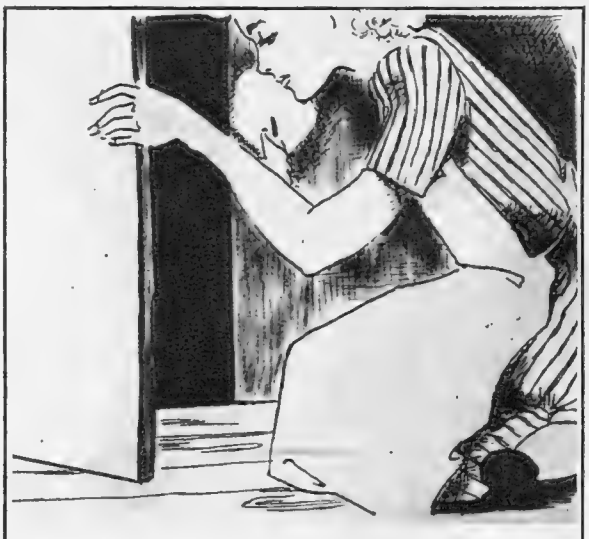
Everybody knows that it is the nature of staircases to do anything but go straight. What is not so clear—having conceded that staircase bends are a necessary evil—is why the people who design staircases should exhibit such a passionate dislike for bends which permit the easy passage of furniture.

The spectacle of your favourite wardrobe being hauled through a bedroom window on a piece of clothes-line by a couple of hardened chaps, notwithstanding assurances that "we do it every day of our lives, Mum," is injurious to the toughest nerves if not fatal to the furniture.

A couple of inches, even less, on the width of the stairs, cannot be a lot to ask.

Some time, in every home, comes the necessity to reach the water-tank in the loft.

If you can balance on a ladder and leap through space into a small aperture in the ceiling, you may achieve your objective. If you don't excel as a steeplejack you may be forgiven for wondering why, in an age of atomic invention, the process of making water run *upwards* has got inventors guessing and all the water-tanks in inaccessible lofts.

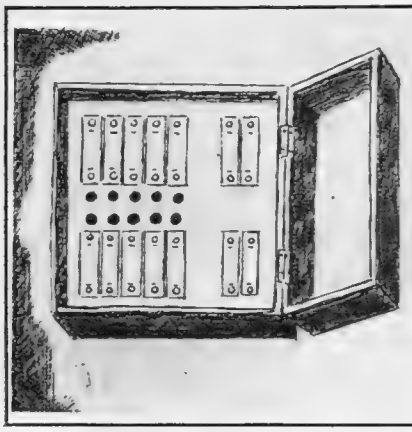


Admittedly the gas-meter is no object of art. Admittedly, one would not wish to see it in a position of proud prominence among the decorative features of the home; but is it necessary to situate the thing in such a position of total inaccessibility that one has to crawl on one's stomach in a dark cupboard, or risk life and limb on a high chair, to perform the simple but essential function of inserting a shilling?

Rounded corners and coved ceilings are not a new invention. They had, in fact, appeared in a few of the new types of houses before the war. Not that this simple but very obvious labour-saving and dirt-saving expedient has caught on, because houses are being built again with their awkward angles between floor and wall, with right-angle corners which make a trap for dust. But why? The coved ceiling is an easy thing to provide. The same goes for rounded corners at the skirting, where the housewife can sweep into the angle with ease. These are small things, but one of the many which add up to comfort and ease in the well-planned home.

Doors are a source of comfort and, equally, a source of frustration in every home. A very simple kind of hinge makes it possible to lift doors off their hinges whenever the need arises. Whenever furniture has to be removed, or when a crowd of people in the house make intervening doors an inconvenience, they are simply lifted off and carried, temporarily, away.

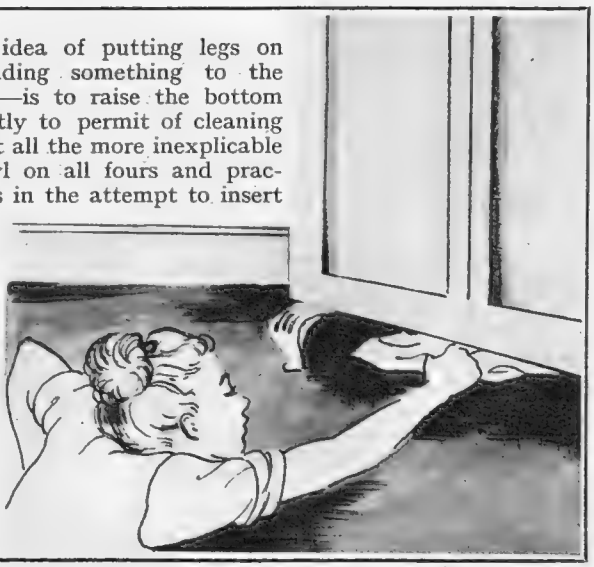
Improvement Number One for bathrooms: taps at the side of the bath. It may be temperamental to object always to facing one way in the bath because the taps prevent one enjoying an occasional turn-about. This could be endured; but why ruin the luxury of a steaming bath because of the necessity to rise, like an angry Venus from the foam, and crawl slivering to the opposite end of the bath to turn the water off.



Every housewife can change a fuse, but no amount of efficiency from the repair squad will dispense with hunting through the fuse-box by the light of a candle (these crises always occur in the dark) to find the fuse-case affected. Why not, then, an arrangement like the one used in every car, which shows by means of a tiny light whether the dynamo is charging. This system for fuse-boxes would make it possible to see at a glance which is the affected fuse.

Presumably the whole idea of putting legs on furniture—apart from adding something to the gracefulness of the design—is to raise the bottom from ground-level sufficiently to permit of cleaning underneath. This makes it all the more inexplicable to women who daily crawl on all fours and practically stand on their heads in the attempt to insert brooms and dusters into impossible apertures under the furniture.

Heavier pieces of furniture which cannot be lifted with ease are prime offenders. What kind of conspiracy is this that arranges dust-traps to catch the housewife's eye and then puts every possible obstacle in the way of easily removing them?



WOOLLIES TO GO . . .
Over A Dress With Dolman Sleeves →
Under A Suit ↓

MATERIALS

6 ozs. of La Laine Super 3-ply wool, main colour; ¼ oz. each of 1st and 2nd contrast colour; one pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles.

MEASUREMENTS

From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 20½ ins.; across the back and front underarms, 17 ins.; underarm of sleeve, 5 ins.

TENSION

15 sts. to 2 ins.

THE FRONT

With No. 12 needles, cast on 100 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 3 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and stocking stitch (one row knit, one row purl). Work for 2 ins., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 120 sts. Continue until 12½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Then k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 96 sts.

CHANGE TO YOKE PATTERN

1st row.—1st contrast colour. Knit.
2nd row.—Purl.

(*Continued on page 54*)

MATERIALS

11 ozs. of 3-ply Ramada knitting wool; one pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles; 7 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 23 ins.; across front underarms (with edge), 11 ins.; underarm of back, 18½ ins.; underarm of sleeve, 17 ins.; armhole seam, 11 ins.

TENSION

7 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 10 needles cast on 125 sts. Knit into the back of the 1st row. Continue in pattern as follows:

1st row.—Knit.
2nd row.—* K. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to the last st. K. 1.
3rd row.—Knit.
4th row.—* P. 1, k. 1. Repeat from * to the last st. P. 1.

These 4 rows form pattern. Work 4 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 101 sts. Work without dec. until 6½ ins. from the cast-on edge. Then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 130 sts. Continue without further shaping until 12 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE FOR ARMHOLE

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K. 2 tog. every alternate row until 110 sts., then every 4th row until 80 sts. remain and armhole measures 11 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 10 needles cast on 75 sts. Knit into the back of the 1st row. Continue in pattern. Work 4 rows. Then dec. 1 st. at the beg. of the next row (at the armhole edge) until 60 sts. Work without further shaping until 6 ins. from the cast-on edge. Now inc. 1 st. on the next armhole edge row and every following 4th row until 67 sts., then inc. 1 st. every alternate armhole end row until 81 sts. and front measures 12 ins. from the cast-on edge. (*Continued on page 54*)

The new hats of spring, like the new clothes, are different, feminine, spirited. They call for an unlined brow and a clear-eyed gaze, luckily not only the prerogative of youth, for careful women can keep them most of their lives. For those who haven't done so, there are also sophisticated rolling felts and flattering eye-shaders, tilted and perched as before, but with a bit more body to them. These are flowered, veiled, feathered, fringed or trimmed with big ribbon bows. Very flat sailors are back, too, both small and large, worn smack on top of the head, and trimmed with stiffly-ruffled tulle.

1. A dashing hat for a tailored suit, cerise felt, banded with navy, with a rolling brim that sweeps up into a fan, held by a cockade. *Hugh Beresford.*

2. A pushed-back toque in navy and flesh-pink felt, with a navy bow snugly at the back of the neck. *Rose Bertin.*

3. A young girl bonnet of maize-coloured spotted muslin, stiffened to shape, edged with rick-rack. *Aage Thaarup.*

Anne Rawnsley, wife of David Rawnsley, director of Arthur Rank's newly-formed Research Department, in her new Eric bonnet of bright-green silky straw, trimmed with a wobbly, curly, black ostrich feather.

DRESS: BY JEAN BURNUP

SPRING-CLEANING

Here is a woman all set to make spring-cleaning into the kind of annual uproar which has made the yearly clean-up the subject of music-hall jokes and a source of fatigue and frustration to generations of housewives.

Muddle at the start promises muddle all through the operation. There has been no looking over of cleaning implements to ensure perfect cleanliness and efficiency, no wise premeditated collection of scouring powders and polishes to save trouble and frustration while the work is in motion. In the middle of her task the woman in the picture has had to break off for a prolonged search for some essential tool.

BY WINIFRED LEWIS

AN infallible way of making the annual spring-clean into a sort of family endurance test is to postpone the operation until sunshine, splashing into every crack and cranny, simply shames us into action.

By this time, of course, one has missed the boat in every spring-cleaning sense. The dry-cleaners are overstocked with work, the cleaning materials which one might have been collecting for weeks past have all gone to the wiser virgins, and the whole operation gets off on the wrong foot.

On the other hand, a little careful advance planning and a nicely-worked-out schedule disposes of the annual clean-up without disrupting the household or adding too severely to the already-overweighted burden of present-day housekeeping.

What with shopping and queueing and getting by with only one pair of hands, as most of us have to to-day, it is just plain good sense to carve up the spring-cleaning into sections . . . a room at a time, with a decent interval between each operation for recuperation. Operations should start at the top of the house. Bedrooms which do not have coal-fires can be wiped off the cleaning slate some weeks before the time when fires downstairs can be dispensed with. In any case, there is no point in doing the downstairs and then having to convey dirt and dust from subsequent operations through the clean rooms below.

Bedrooms and bathroom first, then; the downstairs living-rooms next, with the stairs and hall, and the kitchen last of all.

Make appointments with the chimney-sweep as long as possible in advance. Sweeps are busy people now, and there is a better chance of getting your visit at the appointed time, and without fail, if you have given a few weeks' notice.

The object of a carefully-planned working schedule is so to arrange matters that the ordinary routine of the household need not be disrupted by the extra tasks. This avoids fatigue and muddle and the sort of crisis which arises when one emerges, thankfully, from a newly-scoured bedroom only to remember that the breakfast things are still unwashed and preparations for the evening meal are hours behind.

WITHOUT FEARS

Make plenty of allowances for these points, as much for your own satisfaction as to keep the rest of the family in good heart and good temper.

While you are carrying the annual purge into out-of-the-way places, remember such things as the kitchen waste-pipe. Even if it is bearing up well, a thorough purging at this time may save a tiresome stoppage at some future time.

A large tablespoonful of caustic soda in the waste-pipe and a few kettles of boiling water will melt the grease which accumulates and causes stoppages, not to speak of that musty smell which sometimes afflicts the best-behaved drains.

The same treatment is worth while for outside drains. Be careful not to get the soda solution on your hands, and don't wear your best wrist-watch for this operation, because drains are reluctant to give up their heirlooms.

Cleaning out the drawers and cupboards throughout the house is a very laudable task, but it is a mixed blessing for other members of the household if your zeal means that nothing can be found in its usual place for weeks after.

If the family is co-operative or well trained, you can get them to turn out their own drawers and cupboards—an expedient which saves you time and a good deal of general dispute.

Copper-ware and pewter, if you include these among your ornaments, and decorative ware react very favourably to cleaning with a mixture of common salt mixed with an equal part of flour. Make this into a paste with vinegar and rub on the surface. Leave it for an hour or two before applying the elbow-grease.

Vinegar is a good cleaning standby. It is excellent for washing the brick tiles around the fireplace or wherever you have brick tiles which need freshening-up and restoring to their warm colouring.

Use vinegar again on polished furniture to remove the film of grease and polish which, if it is left, defies you to get a fine, lustrous gleam on the wood. For this purpose, it is sufficient to add a tablespoonful of vinegar to a small bowl of tepid water. Ring out a wash-leather in the solution and rub vigorously over the surface before applying new polish. If you are short of furniture polish, the vinegar solution will produce a respectable gleam on its own account.

While giving things the once-over, a china repair or two may crop up. A good reliable cement for sticking broken glass can be made by melting a little powdered alum over a gas-jet. Do this in an iron spoon or the lid of a tin. Spread a very little of the melted powder on to the broken edges and fit them neatly together.

Stick some strips of adhesive tape across in several places to hold the repair together and lay it carefully away for at least two days. Rip off the tape, and there is a very neat join, if you have done the job well.

When relaying the stair carpet, begin at the top. At the bend, keep the outer edge of the carpet straight and in line with the rest ; turn the surplus over in a neat fold at the narrow edge and tack firmly down. Keep the fold as near to the rod as possible to make it less conspicuous

When relaying the carpets, after they have been cleaned or beaten in the garden, turn them the opposite way round. This helps to distribute the wear in the hardest places and adds considerably to the life and appearance of the pile

Turning out the bookshelves is a fiddling job which can be done more quickly and with greater thoroughness if the dust is removed with a small soft brush. An old clothes brush will do if you have nothing better

On Duty & Off

A woman who had just flown in from New York showed the greatest alarm and despondency over the stories she had heard about our London crime wave. "I am told," she said, "that I should not go out alone at night wearing my jewellery." Judging by the amount she was wearing, I was inclined to agree that it would be wiser for her to leave it in the hotel safe. She had been over here on a visit a year ago, and though she was glad to see the end of the black-out, she seemed horribly depressed, because she said people looked so much more tired than they did during the war. However, she had done her best to cheer up her friends by bringing over nylon stockings, cold cream, nail varnish, and what the Americans call girdles, and what we know as roll-ons.

Jane Gordon.

THE latest kind of "double-take" 'flu has caused more depression and fatigue than any of its predecessors. It is hard to tell whether this is due to the actual 'flu itself or to the depressing effects of the new drugs which were dished out to cure the victim. But no matter which is to blame, the result on the appearance and the mental outlook of those who suffered is disastrous.

You hear the same sad story over and over again. The original attack accompanied by all its aches and pains, together with a smart rise in temperature, the fashionable new drugs which have such a marvellous effect in bringing the temperature down and the short-lived recovery followed swiftly by the "double-take," or second attack. One cannot help thinking that, if the 'flu victim had remained quietly in bed, taking plenty of fluids and allowing the temperature to return slowly to normal in the good old-fashioned way, the re-attack would have been avoided. However, having suffered in the cause of science, the best thing to do is to pluck up one's spirits and try to remedy the damage that has been done, working from top to toe.

Lank, lifeless hair. 'Flu can be guaranteed to take the life and lustre out of your hair. It will be left lank and greasy, or dried out and brittle. If the temperature has been high, the hair may even fall out in handfuls. If your hair is lank and greasy, use a soapless shampoo and use enough to get at least two good lathers and four rinsing waters. If the hair is dry and brittle, use one of the cream shampoos, and here again treat yourself to at least two lathers, with one good rinse between the first and the second, and three or four rinses afterwards. For falling hair use a daily application of tonic and plenty of finger massage, and remember that as your health improves, so will your hair.

Tired eyes. People are apt to forget that our restricted wartime diet has affected our eyes more than anything else. Eyesight depends on a sufficient amount of butter, cream, vegetables and fruits. These six years without any cream, and insufficient milk and butter, have not been good for the eyesight, and the lack of these things has lowered our resistance to 'flu and colds in the head.

'Flu leaves a trail of heavy eyes and crows'-feet.

The best type of treatment is "palming," which relaxes the eyes and, incidentally, the mind and body as well. Learn to palm correctly and you will find it most restful. Sit down in front of a table or writing-table, place your elbows on the table and form a cup with the palm of your hands covering both eyes. Avoid any pressure on the eyes, but shut out all light. Keep your eyes lightly closed. When you get yourself settled comfortably try to see black with your mind. When you first start you will find this extremely difficult. Although your eyes are closed and all light is cut out, you will "see" blurry grey or bright lights, and it is only when you see black that you have learned to relax and palm correctly. Try palming after your day's work or when you have a few minutes to spare. Learn to blink often while you are doing any work, especially close work.

For crows'-feet and lines round your eyes, smear your lids and the crows'-feet with a little ordinary castor-oil before you have your bath, dab off gently afterwards and rinse with plenty of cold water, which has a tonic effect on the eyes.

Sallow complexion. After 'flu your complexion suffers from a hang-over, partly due to the 'flu itself, and also due to the drugs you have taken, which tend to upset the digestion. Therefore, it is very important that the cure and after-cure should include plenty of fluids. There are many women who will not drink with their meals, and they are probably quite right not to do do, but they forget the importance of drinking between meals. To get rid of that hang-over complexion you need at least two glasses of water between breakfast and luncheon, luncheon and tea, and tea and dinner. You also need a (*Continued on p.* 56)

Dam Buster's Story

IN his rise from Flying Officer, Wing Commander Guy Gibson, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C., served with fighters and most types of bombers. He led the daring raid on the Moehne and Eder dams which washed out the Ruhr. Before he was reported missing from what was to have been his final flight over Germany as a master bomber he completed a book about R.A.F. life and especially Bomber Command, which lost 8,697 bombers, more airmen than the British armies on the Continent from D- to VE-Day, in smashing enemy war potential and speeding victory.

"Enemy Coast Ahead" (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), introduced by Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris as "a magnificent story, well and simply told by as great a warrior as these islands ever bred," touches every aspect of the airman's life—the gay as well as the grim, the party in the mess as well as the "party" over the target; training, routine, ground crews, Waafs, ops., the arduous preparations that precede missions like the dam-busting one. Gibson was a very gallant man, and I commend his book specially to those who have said "No more books about war." They will be glad they relented; the others will, I'm sure, read it as a matter of course—humbly, as I did, in admiration of one who packed a lifetime's effort into so few years.

Books: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*

NOW that Singapore is finding its place in the sun again it is timely to recall the work of its founder, Sir Stamford Raffles. A poor East India Company clerk, he first went East in 1805 as assistant-secretary to the new Penang Government, served in Malacca, Java, and Sumatra, fostered native agriculture and education, and crowned his Empire-building achievements by converting Singapore from an obscure village into a British trading-post and strategic port. "What Malta is in the West," he said, "that may Singapore become in the East." His success was at a price, for the climate robbed him of three loved children and his own and his wife's health; he had some tough struggles with Dutch and other rival interests. Sir Reginald Coupland tells his story with painstaking detail in "Raffles of Singapore" (Collins, 7s. 6d.), a book that reflects the emprise spirit of an East still young.

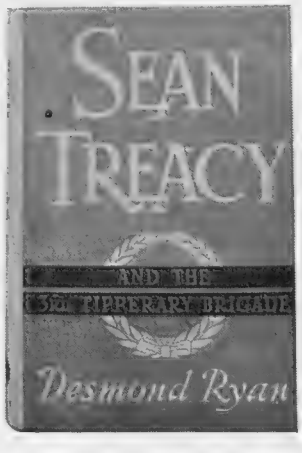
Sir Stamford Raffles

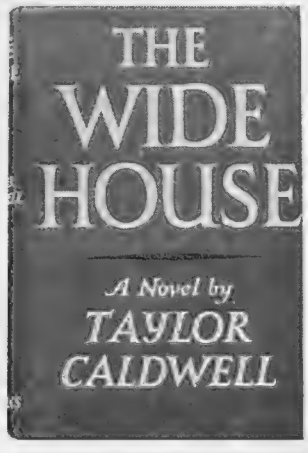
I WONDER what UNO thinks of Nicaraguan democracy! When the president of this Central American republic comes up for election every five years, the townsfolk, lined up by soldiery, are given a ticket bearing his name, then marched through a gate to drop it in the ballot-box, any who decline being at once arrested as revolutionaries and a danger to the peace. No opposition exists in Congress, or is permitted in elections or newspapers. The moment a revolution is rumoured "volunteers" are pressed into military service, and we hear of a provincial governor who wrote the C.O. at a military centre: "Herewith another hundred valiant volunteers from ——. *Please return the ropes!*" This much I gather from Mr. Mervyn G. Palmer's vivid record of exploration—"Through Unknown Nicaragua" (Jarrolds, 21s.)—with much fascinating lore about native customs. He went out to gather natural history specimens for museums, but his best "bag" was the president, who ordered a prominent citizen to send a riding mule to bring up an actress to beguile the tedium of travel "or in default pay a fine of $25"!

HOW piteous now—and yet not without their epic touch—seem the Irish "troubles" of 1916 onwards! A resolute I.R.A. fighter of those years was Sean Treacy, shot in a Dublin street fight in 1920. All the drama of being "on the run" from the Black and Tans, of ruse and counter-ruse, ambush, and battle are in Mr. Desmond Ryan's staccato, impassioned "Sean Treacy and the 3rd Tipperary Brigade" (Alliance Press, 8s. 6d.), a book as starkly emotional as "Juno and the Paycock."

TO pass from this to Mr. A. Ll. Matthison's "In Reply to Yours" (Cornish Bros., 12s. 6d.) is to leave a battlefield for a book-lined study. I have known many business men who found pleasure in authorship, including a Belfast linen manufacturer who was also a poet, the head of a Walsall electrical firm who wrote essays for the enjoyment of his staff which had the quality of "middles" in the weekly reviews. Mr. Matthison, a Birmingham paint manufacturer, writes of sundry things with the leisurely charm of the amateur who writes not for bread and dried eggs but *con amore*—a mock burglary at his house, pottering, reading, the opera, children, candles, sleep, Shakespeare-Bacon, pen-friends he has made through his books. One of these wrote saying that he'd bought one of them "in spite of having read a review of it," which the author considered a mixed compliment! This book should make him more friends, for he has a gentle, scholarly touch.

THE Americans head our fictioneers this month, with banners flying. Miss Rose Franken's "Claudia" (W. H. Allen, 9s. 6d.) seems to have broken every record over there, and when we remember that it is essentially a "woman's country" we are not surprised. Claudia is the kind of wife who darlings her way into her husband's worshipful heart until he is almost ready to sleep in the ashcan if so she wills. Reading some new best-sellers, she "wished petulantly that somebody would write a plain story about ordinary people like herself, with as litt'e description as possible, and a lot of everyday conversation." (*Continued on page* 66)





The Fat Of The Land

She sat and wept. Her waist you could not see,
Her lap was large, her chins were one, two, three.
"I have no hope, no energy," said she,
"I just must have my bite of bun for tea."

And so she nibbled, bite by bite, a bun.
She brightened, but the damage had been done.
Her will-power sagged beneath her half a ton
And more and more her food became her fun.

"My clothes? I have no coupons left," she cried,
"So why in clothing should I take a pride?"
But when the post-war fashions she espied
She viewed her grand dimensions, horrified.

"Low necks? My chins will spoil the vista quite!
Short sleeves? My arms are puddings fat and white!
Small waists? My waist has vanished out of sight.
If I don't slim I'll look a perfect sight."

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

IN starting a course of localized slimming it is always wise to follow a simple diet routine, avoiding starches, between-meal snacks, and soups, gravies, etc. Have a glass of hot water on rising and another before going to bed. Make certain of regular bowel action, many of the inferior slimming pills are merely aperients.

Necks always need plenty of care after the age of thirty, but they are particularly difficult if they have fattened, as well as aged. Use an astringent cream on your neck, alternating it with a skin food, if you have necklaces of lines.

Chins need vigorous patting. You may manage to get an Elizabeth Arden patter for this, but if not, fold several thicknesses of cotton wool into a leaf-shaped pad, dip it into cold water, press it flat, sprinkle it with a lotion or skin tonic and whack your chins with it, night and morning.

You may be prepared to invest in an Arden Chinstrap—and it would be well worth your expenditure—prices from 41s. 9d. If you live near an Arden treatment centre, you can have very nice things done to your neck from 17s. 6d. to the miraculous Intra Cellular routine which costs £2 2s. a time, with reduction for a course of six or more. (The older you are the more expensive a treatment you will need.)

Head carriage is very important, so keep your head back, ears over shoulders, with your chin down and in. Elizabeth Arden's chart of face and neck exercises can be done with good results at home. If you write her for it, send a large envelope, because it is a large pile of information.

Upper arms respond to friction and exercise. During your bath scrub with a loofah and soap; after your bath, scrub with a rough towel damped with astringent or eau de Cologne. If you can get any of the good slimming lotions or creams, use them regularly on your upper arms.

Your waist depends, to a great extent, on your deportment and your diet. In perfect posture, the waist is slightly stretched because the diaphragm is held up from the hips, and the bust held up too. The danger here is raising the shoulders too much, and bending the spine inwards at the back of the waist.

Keep your spine straight and your shoulders down loosely, but don't forget that upheld bust. It is necessary to keep your waistline trim.

Remember this uplift position when you are sitting, just as much as when you are standing and walking. There is no way out of it, you simply must exercise. You need a few specialized local fat exercises, and one or two more for general figure beauty.

I Must

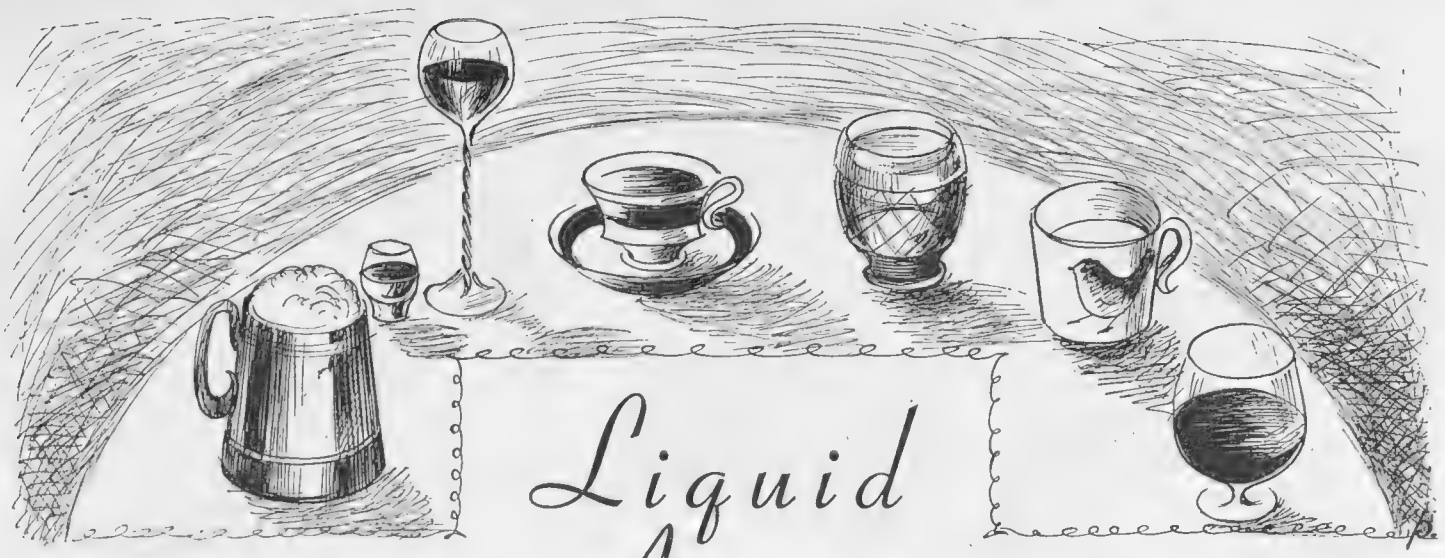
THERE is a golden rule in shampooing, even if there isn't always a golden rinse. Divide your shampoo in two and give your head two separate lathers, rinses and re-rinses, one after the other.

The two best conditioning shampoos in fairly constant supply are the Bio-crin, and Steiners S3 Biological Shampoo cream.

For a medicated shampoo, there is the well-established Sphagnol. Blondes should use the Arden Camomile Shampoo, and to keep glints in chestnut tresses, use the Arden henna shampoo.

Soapless shampoos are excellent for greasy hair, but if your hair is dry, alternate your soapless with a conditioning shampoo.

There is an excellent non-greasy brilliantine obtainable now, delicately perfumed. And an excellent hair tonic, both obtainable by post.



Liquid Assets

Beer is a sedative, it encourages placidity and contentment rather than keenness. It is fattening, with these ingredients—barley, flaked maize, hops, sugar, yeast, salt, gypsum, and boiled water. Various flavourings are added, but there is no adulteration.

It contains the nerve vitamin B, and the best quality is of high nutritive value, one glassful having 168 calories.

If you are healthy, with no tendency to rheumatism or stomach disorders, beer is a good drink for you.

Wines consist of natural wines which are made from the pure grape juice fermented to its limit, and fortified wines in which the fermentation is interrupted by the addition of some alcohol. The alcoholic content of natural wines is never more than nineteen per cent, while the fortified wines, alcohol being added to them, have a much higher alcoholic strength. The natural wines of the various countries are most suitable for drinking with meals.

It is tantalizing to-day, to be told that an active person can drink a bottle of natural wine a day without impairing his health. But as these wines do not have to stand, maturing, in order to reach their full richness, it is possible they may be in more plentiful supply sooner than the fortified wines, like marsala, madeira, port, sherry and champagne.

Of the natural wines the white are better for you if you are at all inclined to acidity.

Spirits have the highest alcoholic content of any drink and their effect is depressant, that is to say, they depress or weaken the reaction of certain portions of your brain. Judgment, critical faculties, self-control, physical control are often affected.

The temporary cheerfulness brought on by alcohol is due, in a great part to the weakening of self-criticism, and this sometimes supplies a self-assurance which is beneficial to the creative artist.

Spirits should either be taken in liqueur-size glasses, or diluted. Undiluted, they are very bad for the gastric mucous membrane and especially bad taken on an empty stomach. If taken as a liqueur, after a meal, the action will help a sluggish digestion. The narcotic effect of spirits is helpful in cases of grief or distress but not in physical shock.

Water is essential for life, let alone health. The body excretes 3½ to 5 pints of water a day and this amount must be made up. Our "solid" foods supply about a third of this amount, the rest we must take in liquids and, if we are wise, in pure fresh water. Many tiny feminine disorders would be righted if more water were taken each day. Four glasses should be a minimum. Unless you have one of the rarer diseases, you cannot take too much water.

Milk has been so publicized that there is hardly any need to list its contents—fats, nitrogens, milk, sugar, inorganic salts, vitamins A B C D and so on. The danger of impure milk has also been well discussed. (Pasteurization and boiling, both of which make milk fairly safe, destroy the vitamin C content, so children are given orange juice to supplement it.) The vitamin D content depends on the cows' fodder, hence the need to supplement this with cod-liver oil in England now.

Milk is a food and should not be taken as a thirst quencher. As a night-cap, it is a strain on the digestion.

Tea is stimulating because of its caffeone content. One or two cups will help your physical and mental reactions to be quicker and more accurate. Three or four cups have the opposite effect, making you unsteady and slower. The harmful content of tea is mainly its tannic acid, which is only released by long brewing, so, as caffeine is instantly released, brew your tea quickly and do not let it stand if you want to get only the best out of it. Tannic acid is bad for your digestion.

Coffee is also stimulating because of its caffeone content and, having a larger proportion of caffeine, one cup should be enough. The harmful ingredient in this case is caffeone which is even worse for your digestion than tannic acid, and which is only avoided by brewing the coffee for about two hours (after which it doesn't taste like coffee).

Addicts often develop a "physical tolerance" to caffeone so that they can take quantities without becoming shaky, neurotic and wakeful; but this tolerance sometimes vanishes after middle age, so that you suddenly have to reduce your tea or coffee consumption greatly or become quite ill.

Caffeone increases the uric acid in your system, so avoid it if you are acid, or inclined to rheumatism, and don't overdo tea and coffee if you have digestive troubles.

Cocoa is a food rather than a drink as it has a twenty per cent fat content even when made solely with water. Made with milk, it is an excellent drink for children (or adults) and especially suitable for breakfast. Supper needs a lighter drink, one that is not so taxing on the digestive system. Cocoa contains theobromine which is akin to caffeine without having its stimulating effect on the brain cells. This is undoubtedly the reason why it has not become one of our habitual daily drinks.

Wash My Hair . . .

Cooking For The Children

STEAMED MEAT PUDDING

STEAMED MEAT PUDDING

This dish is best made with veal or chicken, but as both are difficult to obtain any meat will do.

Pass through the mincer 1 lb. of uncooked meat; mix it with half its quantity of mashed potatoes, 3 oz. of creamed margarine, 4 reconstituted dried eggs, salt and pepper. Grease a pudding basin, put in the mixture and steam for 1 hour. Turn out and serve surrounded by cauliflower. Pour a little white sauce over the whole pudding just before serving.

VEGETABLE DUMPLING

MEAT ROLL

Chop about 1 lb. of cooked or uncooked meat and mix it with ½ lb. of sausage meat and ½ lb. of mashed potatoes. Add 2 or 3 fried onions and 1 reconstituted egg. Make some pastry with 4 oz. of flour, 2 oz. of lard and a little water. Roll the mixture out twice to the length of your roasting tin. Wrap the pastry round the meat and leave it in a moderate oven with 2 tablespoonfuls of dripping, until the pastry is a golden brown. Serve with creamed potatoes.

CHILDREN'S DELIGHT

Bring to the boil 4 cupfuls of milk with 1 teaspoonful of

DATE LOAF

TEA-TIME

DATE LOAF

Mix ¾ lb. of flour with 4 oz. of sugar; add 1 cupful of chopped dates, 1 teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, 1 cupful of warm water, 2 oz. of melted margarine and 2 well-beaten reconstituted eggs. Place in a greased and floured tin and bake in a moderate oven until brown.

JAM BISCUITS

Mix well in a bowl 8 oz. of flour with 2 oz. of sugar. 1 teaspoonful of baking powder and 1 of mixed spices. Rub in 4 oz. of creamed margarine and add 1 reconstituted egg. Knead quickly and roll out thinly on a floured board. Cut into rounds and bake for about 15 minutes in a moderate oven. Spread jam between two biscuits and, if sugar can be spared, ice them.

ALMOND ROCK SCONES

Sieve 1 lb. of flour into a large bowl, add 1 teaspoonful of baking powder and 4 oz. of sugar. Reconstitute one egg and beat it well. Melt 4 oz. of margarine; heat slightly 1 gill of milk. Make a hole in the centre of the flour and pour in the egg, the margarine, the milk, and a few drops of almond essence. Mix with a wooden spoon then knead well. Shape into buns and bake in a hot oven for 20 to 30 minutes.

SYRUP RINGS AND KNOTS

Into a mixing bowl pour ½ cupful of milk, 2 tablespoonfuls of melted margarine, 4 oz. of sugar and 1 teaspoonful of carbonate of

CHILDREN'S DELIGHT

vanilla essence; when boiling pour in, while stirring, 1 cupful of semolina. Keep on stirring until thick, then add sugar to taste and fill a wet mould in the form of a ring with the mixture. (If you have no ring-mould stand a large breakfast cup upside down in the middle of a cake tin and pour the semolina round it.) When cold turn out the pudding and fill the hole with an equal mixture of fine breadcrumbs, Ovaltine (dry), cocoa and sugar mixed to taste. Serve with a vanilla sauce handed separately.

VEGETABLE DUMPLING

Make some ordinary rough pastry and roll it out square. Place it on the baking tin you propose using, and fill the centre with a mixture of cooked vegetables creamed in a thick white sauce. Join the four corners of your pastry in the centre sticking the edges together with moistened thumb and finger. Bake in a hot oven until the crust is nicely browned. Serve with macaroni which, after having been boiled, has been washed in plenty of cold water and fried until crisp in lard.

Harriet Muir

Don't use soda when washing aluminium saucepans; leave water mixed with 1 dessertspoonful of vinegar standing in the saucepan overnight. Any dirt will come away easily.

Water and vinegar will remove the smell of beer, fish or onion from a saucepan or glass.

Don't waste fat when roasting mutton, the meat having plenty of its own. It is enough to put 2 cupfuls of water in the roasting tin and to baste frequently.

Kitchen Talk

Don't throw away your orange peelings; lumps of sugar rubbed on the skins will flavour custards, puddings, etc.

To prevent mustard going bad or dry, use boiling water when mixing it, and add plenty of salt.

To make your Sunday joint serve twice as a hot joint, carve it as you would a ham and the next time just cover it with water, bring to the boil, strain and roast in a hot oven for 20 minutes.

When cutting out pastry dip the knife (or other instrument in flour to prevent sticking.

When making a fruit cake always leave the cake in a low oven for the first 20 minutes, then raise the temperature. This will prevent the fruit from falling to the bottom.

Don't throw onion peelings away; boiled for a few minutes they give a good colour to soups or gravy.

Flour should always be sieved if you wish to avoid lumps.

Get to know your oven before trying to make cakes.

FANCIES

soda. Sieve in, while stirring, 12 oz. of flour. Knead well, roll into the shape of a thick sausage, cut off thin slices and roll them between the hands to about 8 ins. long and ¼ in. thick. Twist into rings, figures of eight or any other shape you fancy. Place on a greased baking tin, brush over with warm treacle, sprinkle with sugar, and bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes.

GINGERBREAD

Mix 1 lb. of sieved flour with 1 tablespoonful of ground ginger. Melt 1 oz. of margarine with 3 tablespoonfuls of golden syrup and 4 oz. of sugar. Add to the flour. Next reconstitute 2 eggs, beat them well and pour over them 2 tablespoonfuls of milk in which 1 teaspoonful of carbonate of soda has been dissolved. Add also the flour and bake for 30 minutes in a well-greased tin.

SCOTCH BISCUITS

Put into a bowl 8 oz. of medium oatmeal, 4 oz. of sieved flour, 2 oz. of grated cheese, a pinch of salt and pepper. Mix well, then rub in 4 oz. of margarine. Make into a stiff dough, adding 1 reconstituted egg and as much water as necessary. Roll out very thinly on a floured board, cut into rounds and bake in a moderate oven for 5 to 10 minutes.

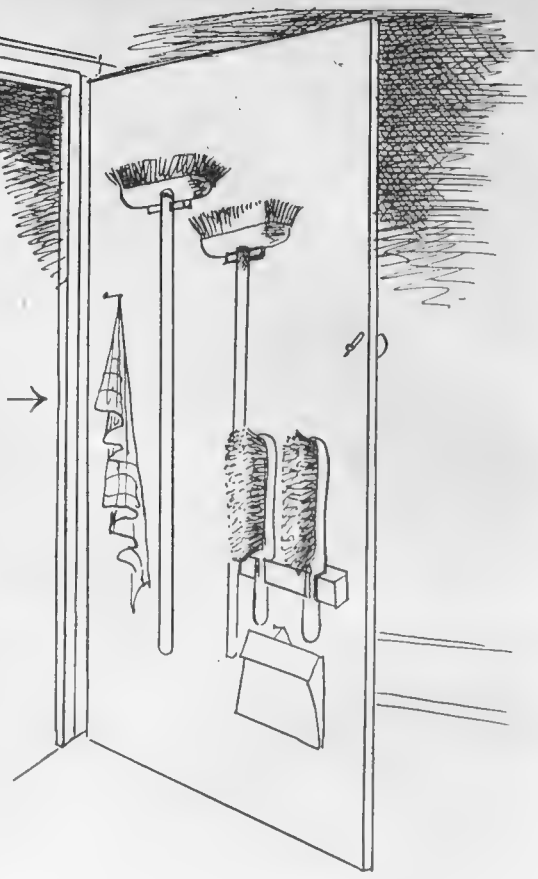
GOOD FRIDAY BUNS

Sieve 1 lb. of flour and rub into it 2 oz. of margarine; add a pinch of salt and ½ pint of tepid milk in which 1 oz. of yeast has been dissolved. Cover with a clean cloth and keep in a warm place for 1 hour. Knead the dough, adding 4 oz. of sugar, 4 oz. of currants and 1 teaspoonful of mixed spices. Shape into buns and place on a floured tin. Let them stand for a further 20 minutes in a warm place then bake for 20 minutes in a hot oven. Serve hot.

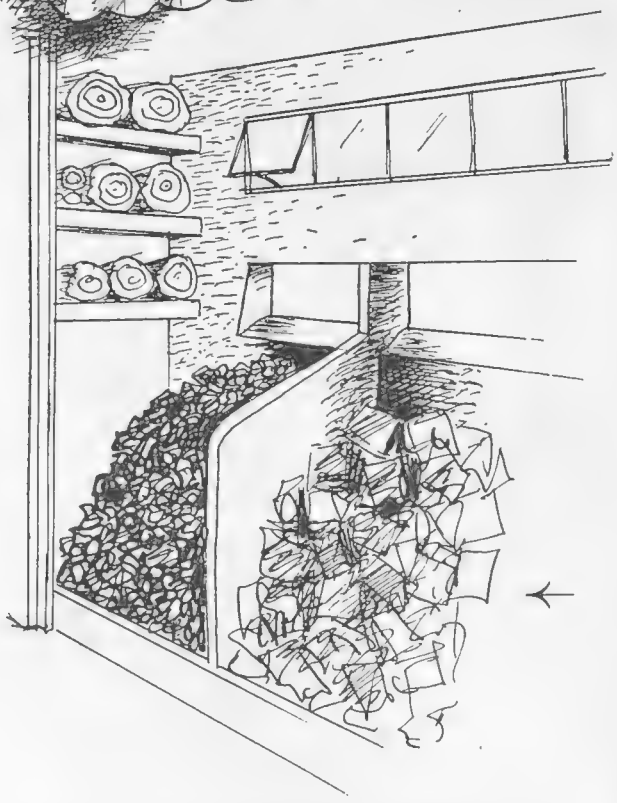
JAM BISCUITS

SYRUP RINGS AND KNOTS

STORAGE

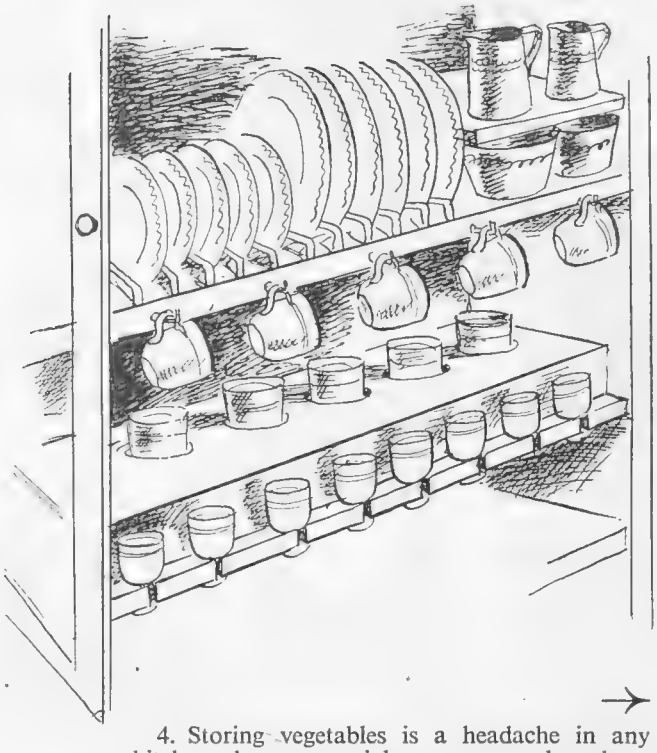


1. A simple device within the scope of any handy husband for fitting on to the cupboard door under the stairs or wherever the brooms are stored in your home. Small blocks of wood, not more than 4 ins. long, each with a slot into which the broom handles are slipped, are screwed to the inside of the door.



2. The average coal cellar is a dark and dismal place built, for no obvious reason, below the level of the house and innocent of the daylight which might alleviate the perils of its descent. Alternatively it is in the garden and a good trek from the house, without a covered way.

Here is a coal cellar designed at ground level with an entrance from the house and a chute accessible from outside. Two compartments, each with a separate chute, are for segregating coal and coke. Window space is sufficient to ensure good lighting throughout the interior of the cellar.



3. China cupboards are infrequently equipped in such a way that the china can be reached in any part of the cupboard without disturbing the entire contents of the store. This simple suggestion for the fitting of a china cupboard provides some shelves which are equipped with racks so that plates can be arranged separately in the most accessible way. Glasses are specially catered for with a shelf to themselves, slotted above the top to hold tumblers singly and with clips along the front of the shelf in which wine glasses are safely held.

4. Storing vegetables is a headache in any kitchen where no special arrangements have been made for keeping the current vegetable supply both tidy and fresh. This cupboard is fitted with sliding zinc shelves, each perforated for adequate ventilation. The shelves are neat, easily cleaned and light in weight. The cupboard door has a ventilator grill to admit a constant current of fresh air.

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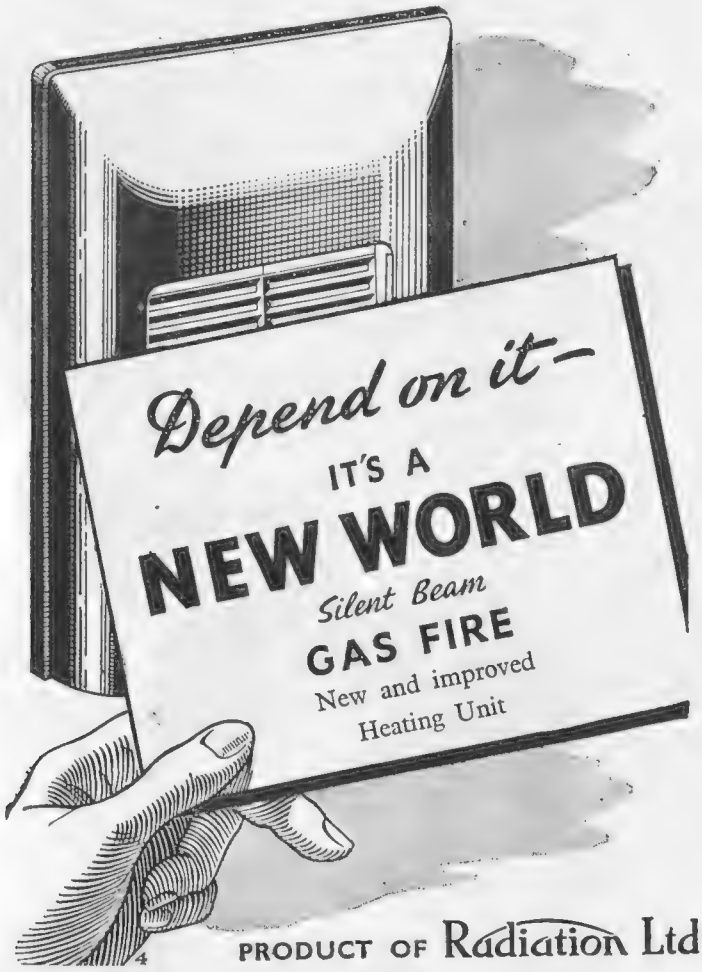

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Help in Difficult Times

Many of us are still feeling the after-effects of strain and danger — perhaps only now realizing quite how tired we had become. Yet the times demand vigour, energy! To rebuild our strength, we need our full quota of rest; and it is a sound instinct that prompts so many to seek the kindly comfort of Horlicks, and the deep, invigorating sleep it promotes. Many more people, in fact, are asking for Horlicks than ever before; but although as much as possible is going into the shops, hospitals' needs must still be met, milk is still scarce, men and materials are both still short. If you find Horlicks hard to get, remember these heavy extra demands.

HORLICKS

Two Of A Kind

By Louisa Kay

THERE is something irresistibly fascinating, even mysterious and—if the joke doesn't happen to be on you—slightly comical, about two human beings who, but for a caprice of Nature, might very well have been only one.

Novelists have made endless play with the supposed affinity between twins and music-hall comedians have harped upon this lighter aspect of Nature's liberality *ad nauseam*, but the average parent merely wonders what the chances are of a double event in the family and whether, if it happens, it is a good joke or not.

Economics apart, twins do seem to provide a delightful and time-saving method of founding a family on the grand scale. If the aim is to have children, then this way of getting it over with has a lot to recommend it.

Anyway, there is no longer that element of surprise about the birth of twins which used to throw families into a state of near panic when two babies came along to disorganize preparations made for only one.

To-day, you can be warned in advance—long enough, anyhow, to prepare two sets of everything—and if there is reason to suspect that twins are prone to crop up in your family, you can even cover yourself at a much earlier stage with an insurance policy.

The odds in favour of twins being born are a good deal higher than one would suppose, particularly if there is any previous history of double births in the family on either side. Otherwise, far less so. Statistics show that the percentage of births includes an almost incredibly high number of twins.

There are identical and non-identical twins, the former being of the same sex and emerging, as it were, from the same egg. They may or may not be identical in the sense that their distracted friends are never completely sure which of them is which.

The only infallible means of predicting the birth of twins during pregnancy is by X-ray. No other method is reliable.

Women, naturally, are curious to know if the delivery of two babies normally implies twice the degree of labour involved for one. The answer is no.

In straightforward cases (and where pre-natal care has been sufficient these are in the great majority) the first delivery proceeds as usual. After a short interval, perhaps half an hour, the second child is delivered with comparatively little further effort.

Complications at the birth of twins are most apt to arise when the natural position of the babies in the womb, which is side by side, has changed. If the babies have shifted into such a way that they are resting one behind the other, the limbs may become locked with the result that delivery proceeds simultaneously and with obvious difficulties. Again, pre-natal care is the certain insurance against such a contingency.

As between all children of similar age and of mutual parentage, the degree of companionship between twins depends upon similarity of tastes and temperament and, though it frequently happens that twins share the interests which their simultaneous development and mutual background promote, they are not inevitably bound by ties of the spirit as well as of the flesh.

SLEEPY BEAUTY IN

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The Row invites you. The smart world is in the saddle again. Now we can turn once more to the enjoyment of our horses and it will not be long before we are able to offer you again the right kind of footwear for the occasion

BOOTS BY LOTUS

A Peace Palace (*Continued from page* 16)

to queen have gone to the Louvre, while the gallery itself was done away with in 1840 to make room for the since-famous grand staircase. Yet much of the original building survives within the divers graftings-on; likewise the celebrated Medici fountain in the gardens. There, by the way, was once the very centre of Lutetia under Tiberius. From this spot, the well-to-do Roman quarter, the Master Race looked down on Roman Paris.

Right down to a century ago the district remained a place of almost rural dalliance. But much had happened ere then in the way of hectic personal history strangely at variance with the simplicity of the surroundings.

From Marie, the Luxembourg passed to the yawning, swaggering Gaston of Orleans and then came the "Grande Mademoiselle" of Montpensier who sulked and sighed there for her Lauzun and alternated between riotous fêtes and political excursions. At the height of the Fronde, in 1652, last revolution before the great one, she drove forth in a coach "with four ladies and a strong escort," only to find the Hotel de Ville blazing and death-carts passing to the execution place. That was enough for the "Grande Mademoiselle" who returned to her tantrums and excess.

A quiet spell with Elizabeth de Guise, and then the great days of the seventeenth century under Louis XIV when the Luxembourg saw the *fêtes amoureuses* of the Duchesse de Berry, which "needed accomplices more than witnesses" and called for the walling up of gates and apertures. The most abandoned occasions staged by the duchesse and her intimate, the wild young Madame du Deffand, went by the innocent title of "little suppers." Followed tenancies by a Duchess of Brunswick and a Queen Dowager of Spain, and then Condé and Richelieu built and lived in the Little Luxembourg which was to become part of the main palace. Here Richelieu directed his war of religion prior to moving to the *Palais Cardinal*.

All the time the Luxembourg changed appearance with sumptuous and not always improving alterations and additions. Much that had been pure Pitti was more massively built round, and inside, painters came and went with the fashion. But the gardens retained their *charme champêtre*—and did until Victor Hugo's day. Although long before Hugo connoisseurs had looked askance at the circular terrace of the queens of France, about the last major addition before the Revolution.

At eventide of the *ancien régime* the Comte of Provence was the Luxembourg's occupant, and he had better luck than his brother, Louis XVI, in making his dash from Paris in 1791. Louis was caught at Varennes but Monsieur lived to know another royal day.

For the succeeding ten years, through the Terror, the Directory and the Consulat, the Luxembourg was the dominant house in all France. As prison and palace, centre of government and military headquarters, it received a succession of characters who are history itself. In the courtyard promenaded the first prisoners of the people. Beauharnais, Ferté, Broglie spent their last mornings here. And so, when the wind veered, did Danton and Camille Desmoulins, who wrote in a room you still see and which used to be Marie's oratory, those last letters to his Lucille, that yet bear the trace of tears.

Here David painted from his dungeon, the shady walk in which he could see his children playing at ball, and here the bleeding Robespierre was brought as a prisoner—and was refused by the porter "for want of room" (actually the fellow was frightened to take so puissant a captive). To the roar of ideologies, "the builders of theories for an imaginary world" thronged in the Luxembourg and only when Robespierre was borne away—"the recognized first builder of the Socialist Republic"—did the fever abate.

Called to house "mirth and sorrow, laughter and blood," the Luxembourg now had five years with the accent on the laughter. Here ruled the Directory of Barras and his four others. Exit the prison and enter the Merveilleuses with Madame Tallien at their head—those superlatively licentious *femmes à la mode* who led the *jeunesse dorée* in its short-lived splendour.

Not much notice was taken of the arrival of a sallow young general, so serious and lovelorn; but within a very few years Bonaparte was himself installed in the Luxembourg as First Consul.

Meanwhile the whole Luxembourg had undergone profound change. The restrained classicism of Louis XVI fell from favour and with it the delicacy of the past—or some of that grace. Instead, the vogue was towards Roman motives and eventually the heaviness of the Empire. The Luxembourg is a rare mixture of changing fashion and how the gardens underwent change too! During the Revolution they were vastly extended by the dispossession of nunneries and monasteries, including the Great Chartreuse. Fairs and booths arose in their place and the gardens became a noisy popular rendezvous. But not for long. Napoleon had ideas about decorum and symmetry and in 1801 Chalgrin began to plan the gardens more as they are to this day. He also built the grand stairway from which revolutionary statesmen and soldiers will look down on next month's delegates.

At Elba-time the Luxembourg first became the Senate. After the return of Louis XVIII it was renamed the House of Peers whose first duty, almost, was to sentence Ney to death in 1815. You are still shown the supposed bullet marks in the wall against which he was shot in the (subsequently driven) majestic Avenue de l'Observatoire. Thereafter—quiet for a spell. Until 1830 when the Luxembourg once again figured as revolutionary pivot. This was the rising whose slogan was "We want national workshops!" and here sat the Commission on the Right to Work.

Now the times changed radically. Gone Jean-Jacques Rousseau who used to wander in the Luxembourg, committing poetry to memory; gone Voltaire whose fondness for the place caused it to be known as "the garden of thinkers." We are in the days of Murger and La Bohème; of Saint-Beuve and Michelet, of the students and Mimi Pinson. Musset has sung of his sad amours in a house fronting the Luxembourg, and Hugo loved its gardens which still held exquisite nooks and corners.

Not until the end of the Second Empire—1867—did the Luxembourg lose its rural charm finally and for ever. The palace remained the same and was again the Senate. Next door, the Luxembourg Museum had arisen, ever popular to this day, especially with Anglo-Americans. But Louis-Napoleon and his Haussmann were driving avenues all ways through Paris (partly because winding streets aided revolutions: you could shoot better down straight avenues) and the Luxembourg Gardens were recast as they are to-day: an overloading of walks with sculpture, and the combined atmosphere of a children's playground, "little bourgeois" park, student flirting-ground, and tourists' rendezvous.

Mirth and sorrow, laughter and blood. The laughter of Mimi had not merged with that of Trilby before blood again engulfed the Luxembourg which became a nodal point in the Army's swoop from Versailles against the Communards in 1871. Though that was to be the last gunfire until Leclerc tanked by in August, 1944. From 1871 to 1940, the Luxembourg housed the Senate.

A book that breathes love of the Luxembourg in the 1880's is George Moore's *Memoirs of My Dead Life*. Were I a generation younger, I could tip fingers with it, for it was straight to the Luxembourg that I went, on taking French leave from a school at Rouen. Everyone was playing diabolo in the gardens. But on my next visit the Luxembourg was back at its old battling. Not blood; but I had to report the treason trial there, of Joseph Caillaux. When I mention that Clemenceau led the attack or prosecution, you will agree that the Luxembourg has had quite some "personal history."

END

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1 Choose large but not coarse carrots, with a good deep colour. Cut in thick slices and simmer for 1 hour. Add only enough water to keep from sticking.

2 When finished cooking, drain and press through a fine sieve. The carrot purée should be very fine and free from any roughness.

3 Sieved vegetables, such as carrots and spinach, may be given to baby when he is five months old—a few teaspoonfuls before the two o'clock feed. At six months, the two o'clock feed can consist entirely of strained vegetables, with milk to drink. Unfortunately, the demand for Brand's Baby Foods is greater than the supply. But when you can't get Brand's, you can prepare vegetables for your baby at home.

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Old Tales Re-told *(Continued from page 24)*

in a week," was his daily slogan to her.

Lady Cathcart remained silent. The key of the hidden door behind the arras still lay safely round her waist.

Maguire gave a dance at his castle to celebrate his wedding and home-coming. In a speech to his guests he regretted: "My wife is as yet too ill to be with us. We'll drink her health and I'll send a servant to tell her of our best wishes for a quick recovery."

Lady Cathcart's health was drunk; the servant departed, to return in a few minutes with the lying message: "Thank you all very much. I hope you are enjoying yourselves with my dear husband."

Of course, there was whispering and talk at the non-appearance of Lady Cathcart. The countryside knew Maguire too well. But talk was dangerous as the gallant colonel was a dead shot with the pistol and in those days duels were common on the least provocation, even in Ireland.

One man was called out because of a disparaging remark to Maguire about Lady Cathcart's eyesight and mental state, "pickin' a waster like you for a husband." Maguire owed him money. With a sardonic sense of humour the colonel named the meeting place, five o'clock in the morning in the middle of a newly-ploughed field on his estate. His opponent had fought at Culloden against Bonnie Prince Charlie and had lost a leg which had been replaced with an indifferent wooden substitute. Long before he could reach Maguire standing in the middle of the ploughed field with his second, his leg got hopelessly bogged at every step and the colonel amused himself by firing balls over the afflicted man's head.

During this time Maguire had tried everything to persuade his wife to give up her deeds and jewels, but she held tenaciously to her secret, although now a shadow of her former self. Confinement and want of fresh air was beginning to tell on her health and spirits.

Nobody knows how he managed to induce Lady Cathcart to give up her secret, but one day he fled from Tempo in a hurry. He travelled to England by way of Donaghadee in County Down to Portpatrick in Scotland, as the sea journey was shorter and safer.

He arrived at Welwyn Manor in a state of uncontrollable excitement. Brushing away the queries of the eager servants, he rushed upstairs, three at a time, to Lady Cathcart's bedroom, key in hand.

He tore away the hangings and pressed the wooden panel. The door only moved a few inches. Plucking a great jack-knife from his pocket he hacked the old oak and clawed at the door with shaking hands. It was useless. With sweat on his brow he renewed his frantic efforts. The servants tried to dissuade him, but he drove them from the room with curses.

The knife slipped and cut a great gash in his thumb. Lockjaw set in and Colonel Maguire died as his ambition was almost realized.

Lady Cathcart was soon released when news of Maguire's death reached Tempo. Her attorney made no mistake this time, travelled to Ireland, and brought her back to Welwyn.

She was lively to the last, danced a minuet when she was eighty, and lived till her ninety-fifth year, a life full of charity and good works.

END

Scientists Are Crazy *(Continued from page 19)*

The final solution was startlingly simple."

He held up a small box no bigger than a cigar box. "Our new bomb is no larger than this."

The President started back. "You mean you are carrying a bomb with you?"

"There is no harm," smiled Dr. Overmaier. "The only thing that can detonate our new bomb is another atomic bomb such as we—and the nation of our colleagues—have in our arsenals ready for immediate use in the case of war."

The President was striving to grasp the significance of all this new development. "But what can that—that box do?"

The scientist held up his little box. "If an atomic bomb falls on a city where one of these is hidden, a chain reaction will begin with incredible rapidity, a chain reaction which nothing will stop, transmuting the oxygen in the atmosphere into nitrogen."

"But," cried the President, "life cannot exist without oxygen."

"Exactly," said Dr. Overmaier. "At one step we wipe out all aggression by the simple fact that if an aggressor begins an atomic war, he destroys himself automatically as well as the rest of humanity."

The President's fist banged on his desk. "This is preposterous! A cynical joke."

"Not a bit," said Dr. Overmaier. "We have no choice now but to live in the world together in peace. At last the common man can be freed from the hysteria of fear that has possessed him, from the desperate sense of insecurity that thwarts all creative effort. There can be no more of the hideous torture and destruction of war. The worst we can face is a universal death that will fall upon mankind with the brilliant finality of a shooting star."

The President pressed a whole row of buttons. Men appeared from every door. "Arrest every man here," he cried.

"Why?" The voice of Dr. Overmaier rose compelling over the hubbub.

"Because," cried the President, "this is too vital a decision for anyone except Congress to make."

"This time," said Dr. Overmaier, "we are not taking any chances. I, myself, have secreted one of these boxes in one of our cities. I alone know which city it is and where the box is. The secret will die with me."

"But," cried the President. "Can you, one man, doom the whole of mankind to destruction?"

"No. That is what Congress can do—or any rival Government—by declaring war."

"But people will live more than ever in fear of death."

"You belittle our own people. It was the uncertainty that was killing our spirits. A decision has now been made. We shall all live with the assurance of life, yet always in the presence of death. Men have always been more splendid in the face of death. Men will make their peace with God. Our people and the whole world will rise to greater heights of courage and endeavour because they will live a handsbreadth from God."

The President stared from one scientist to another.

"What do you expect me to do?"

"We suggest, all of us, that you speak to the people of the world, and tell them what we have told you."

With that, he turned and the others followed him silently out of the room. The President made a sign to two Secret Service men and they followed the scientists and later they followed Dr. Overmaier. Dr. Overmaier left the others and walked by himself to his car. With the absent-mindedness of a man who is deep in thought he saw a garbage can, and with a reflex action he threw the little box he was carrying into the garbage can.

Unable to restrain their impatience, the two Secret Service men dashed to the can, retrieved the box which had fallen open.

It was empty.

"It's a bluff," said one of them.

But Dr. Overmaier, wakened from his reverie by the excitement of their dash to the garbage can, had turned. He smiled at them.

"How will you know? How will anyone ever know? The result is the same. Rest yourselves, gentlemen, in peace; there will be no more war."

END

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Over A Dress

(*Continued from page* 36)

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next armhole end row, then k. 2 tog. every alternate armhole end row until 45 sts., then every 4th row until 42 sts. remain, and armhole measures 9 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next front edge row. Dec. 1 st. at the next edge of every alternate row 3 times. At the same time, k. 2 tog. every 4th row at the armhole edge until 27 sts. remain. Work 7 more rows on these 27 sts.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Work left front as right with shaping at the opposite edges.

THE SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 54 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 2½ ins. Change to No. 10 needles and patt. Work 4 rows, then inc. 1 st. each end of every alternate row until 80 sts. Work without further shaping until 7½ ins. from the cast-on edge. Then inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until 128 sts. (17 ins. from the cast-on edge).

SHAPE TOP

Dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 100 sts. Then every alternate row until 80 sts., then every row until 56 sts. Then cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 26 sts. remain. Cast off.

FRONT STRIPS

With No. 12 needles, cast on 10 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1. Work 2 rows, make buttonhole. Work 3 sts., cast off 4 sts., work 3 sts.

Next row.—Work 3 sts., cast on 4 sts., work 3 sts. Continue in ribbing for 22 ins., making 6 more buttonholes 3 ins. apart. Rib 2 rows, cast off.

Work another strip, omitting buttonholes.

NECK RIBBING

With No. 12 needles, 8 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1, 13 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth on the wrong side. Sew up side shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on buttonhole strip to right front. Sew on left front strip. Sew on the neck edging, first on the right side, turn over and sew on the wrong side. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; st. or sts. = stitch or stitches; dec. = decrease; inc. = increase; tog. = together; m. = make; patt. = pattern; beg. = beginning; w.fd. = wool forward; ins. = inches.

END

Under A Suit

(*Continued from page* 36)

3rd row.—Main colour. * K. 5, sl. 1 (keeping wool in front of work); rep. from * to the last 5 sts., k. 5.

4th row.—* P. 5, sl. 1; rep. from * to end.

5th row.—K.

6th row.—P.

7th row.—Second contrast colour. K.

8th row.—P.

9th row.—Main colour. K. 2, * sl. 1, k. 5; rep. from * to the last 3 sts., sl. 1, k. 2.

10th row.—P. 2, * sl. 1, p. 5; rep. from * to the last 3 sts., sl. 1, k. 2.

11th row.—K.

12th row.—P.

These 12 rows form patt. Continue until yoke measures 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Work 42 sts., cast off 12 sts. Work 42 sts. Work on the last set of 42 sts. in yoke patt. for 2 ins., at the same time dec. 1 st. every neck edge row until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Return to the first set of 42 sts. and work to correspond.

THE BACK

Work as for the front until 96 sts. remain (after armhole shaping). Continue in st.st. Work for 3 ins. Divide sts. for the back opening. Work 48 sts. (place the remaining 48 sts. on a spare needle). Work until armhole measures 6 ins. Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next front end row. Continue for 1 in., dec. 1 st. every neck edge row until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Return to the 48 sts. on spare needle, join wool at the neck edge and work to correspond with the first set of 48 sts.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 82 sts. Rib for 1 in., k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 10 needles and st.st. Work 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 5th row following until 92 sts. and sleeve measures 5 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 50 sts. remain, then cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 24 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles, cast on 130 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up the side shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Work 2 rows of double crochet down the left side of back opening. Work 2 rows down the right side of back opening. Work 3 button loops. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

END

Heirlooms For Everyone . . .

(*Continued from page* 20)

the romantic, the artistic—and the impecunious. Rents were low, the inhabitants unpretentious, and the surroundings beautiful; bearing traces of the days when the district was frequented by the Court and the *beau monde*. The river vista in Carlyle's time displayed shipping and shady trees, a wooden Battersea Bridge, and the distant, still rural Surrey hills. Even to-day, with so much changed, the house in Cheyne Row—architecturally pleasing if not particularly distinguished—preserves for us the distinctive flavour of a vanishing London and a vanished world.

The National Trust for Scotland has lately been presented with magnificent Culzean Castle (pronounced Cullane) in Ayrshire, by the Marquis of Ailsa. Set on craggy cliffs on a wild stretch of coast, Culzean is a romantic example of the dramatic, battlemented, fortified castle of typical fairy-tale conception. Designed by Robert Adam (with whom one does not usually associate anything but the classical style) late in the eighteenth century, the castle is a treasure house of architecture, interior decoration, and period furniture. The main and most spectacular portion will be open to the public, and a self-contained flat of fine proportions, on the top floor of the central block, has been set aside for General Eisenhower whenever he visits our shores.

Another National Trust property which contains superb furniture is Montacute House, in Somerset. Montacute, a glorious example of Elizabethan Renaissance in golden hamhill-stone, surrounded by terraced gardens, yew hedges and lawns, is being arranged as a country house museum. Many gifts and loans of contemporary—and later—furniture (all "museum pieces") have been made to the Trust for this purpose, including furniture which originally came from the house itself. Built in 1580, this dignified mansion is one of the glories of the West Country, and over the front door is carved an old motto, "And yours, my friends," which has matured into a literal significance.

END

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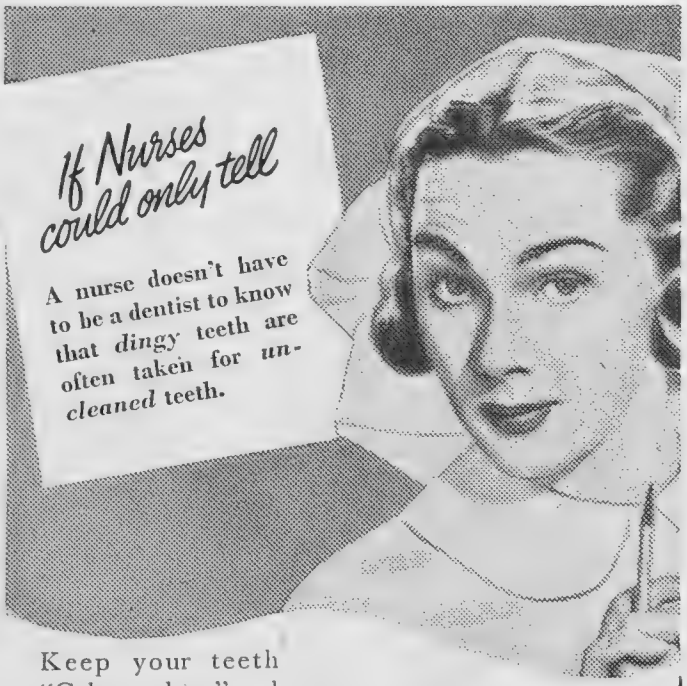

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On Duty and Off (*Continued from page* 40)

thorough airing, plenty of fresh air, and sunshine if there is any to be had.

There is a new range of beauty preparations, the formula for which has been worked out by a skin specialist. These preparations are the best tonic for war-weary and flu-fatigued complexions which I have come across in many a long day. They include a powder foundation called "Dawn." There are two of these day creams, one for dry skins and the other for oily skins, price 8s. 6d. a 1-oz. jar or 15s. 6d. for a 2-oz. jar. "Dawn I," which is for dry skins, is perfect for the delicate, sensitive complexion which is allergic to the ordinary foundation cream or lotion. The night cream is called "Dusk," and is very pleasant to use. The price is the same as the day cream. There is a cleansing cold cream called "Nocturne," price 4s. for a 2-oz. jar, and a most luxurious cold cream it is. "Zephyr" is the name given to the tonic lotion which is meant for oily complexions, and there is a beauty milk called "Petal." "Zephyr" is 3s. 6d. a bottle, and "Petal" is 4s. 6d. The range also includes a hand cream called "Damask," which is quite the most soothing and flattering hand cream I have yet come across. The price is 4s. 6d. or 7s. 6d., and this is a cream which should also be used for sand-paper elbows and neck massage. This new range is now on sale in Bond Street, Piccadilly, Oxford Street and Wigmore Street.

END

Children of Mother India

(*Continued from page* 29)

terrible infantile mortality, and the equally serious maternal mortality, must be fought. There is also the blot of child marriage, forbidden by the Sarda Act, but backed by the compelling force of religious custom. Thousands are not only married, but widowed, before they are ten; and the widow's lot is not a happy one. Though the terrible rite of suttee (by which the Hindu widow shared her husband's funeral pyre) has been suppressed, she is still forbidden by her religion to remarry, and is condemned to a life of drudgery. But in India as elsewhere, love will find a way, and orthodoxy is suffering a slow but steady defeat at the hands of modernism.

Similarly with purdah, the custom which secludes women in the zenana quarters, perpetually shielded from the eyes of all men save their own family. There is nothing romantic about the "veil": no dark-eyed houris swathed in gossamer muslins. The reality is a coarse calico bag, the "burka," which envelops the whole body except for a slit for the eyes. But women of all classes are throwing off its stifling folds, and taking part in the social and political life of their country.

These are the real problems for India. Much is being done to plan a brighter future for the children of Mother India. But economic plans alone are not enough. When these children grow up, and use the best of what Western influence and teaching can give them, they will achieve those revolutions in thought and social custom that will raise India to adult status among nations.

END

Embassy Girl (*Continued from page* 12)

platforms were fairly free. Looking along them as the train rattled in and the doors slid open, Lois saw that Yves didn't leave the train at Rue de Rennes, nor did he leave it at Pantheon. The train clattered on under the maze of small streets of the Latin Quarter.

"Where can he be going?" said Lois.

Philip Graven looked as though he were suffering mildly. "I don't know," he said, "that I altogether like this."

Lois said gently: "I don't know that I altogether like losing my job."

Philip's air of a diplomat in the underworld deepened visibly.

The train was rattling again into a station. It came to a standstill, the doors slid open, Lois looked out along the platform.

She said quickly: "He's getting off!"

The compartment from which Yves had stepped had drawn up just opposite the station exit. Their own was far back along the platform. They had to hurry.

Even so, when they came up the steps on to the street, Lois thought that they had lost him. It had grown dark; a thin rain had begun to fall. The rush hour had started; people poured down the Metro steps; lights flashed everywhere. Then she saw Pierre Yves for a second, against the lighted doorway of a small café across the street. He walked between the tables on the sidewalk, shadowy under an awning, and entered the café.

Lois crossed the street, with Philip at her side. As they stepped on to the sidewalk, she saw Pierre Yves sitting down at a table inside the café, his back to the window. He was not alone. There was a woman at the table.

Lois checked for an instant. Then she put a hand on Philip's arm, drew him quickly aside to one of the outside tables, well back in the shadows under the awning.

"Did you see?" she whispered.

He nodded. "Denise de Grenelle!" He was horribly embarrassed. "Lois, we're in an invidious position!"

"*I'll* be in an invidious position," said Lois, "if whatever it is in my book that can make trouble for Intelligence *makes* it! Why is Pierre Yves holding my book? What's his game?"

"Whatever it is," said Philip, perspiring lightly, "his meeting Denise secretly this way can have no bearing on it. You can't go bearding the man in a situation like this, Lois. It—it's not done! We've stumbled on an unworthy liaison!"

"In codes," said Lois, "all the figures count. They all add up and they all mean something—if you can only get them in the right order."

She glanced over her shoulder into the café.

Philip Graven shuddered. He shut his eyes tightly. But after a moment, he muttered, as though the words were forced from him: "What's going on?"

"He's talking to her pretty urgently about something," said Lois, puzzled. "It's as though he were *pleading* with her—and she's sulky about it! She. . . ."

Lois broke off abruptly.

"What the devil?" said Philip.

"That's queer," Lois whispered. "She's thrown a quick look around, and she's taken something out of her bag and slipped it across to him—looks like a jewel-case. He's still pleading. She's so mad she could scratch his eyes out. She—why. . . ."

"For heaven's sake!" said the diplomat.

"She's slipped off the necklace she's wearing," Lois breathed, "and given him that, too! Why would a woman give a man her jewels?"

"Blackmail?" said Philip.

"Can't be. He wasn't threatening her," Lois said; "he was more nearly grovelling to her. Careful!" She turned from the window. "He's coming out!"

Pierre Yves emerged from the café. He didn't look either to right or left, but strode straight out across the street towards the dim blue light of the (*Continued on page* 58)

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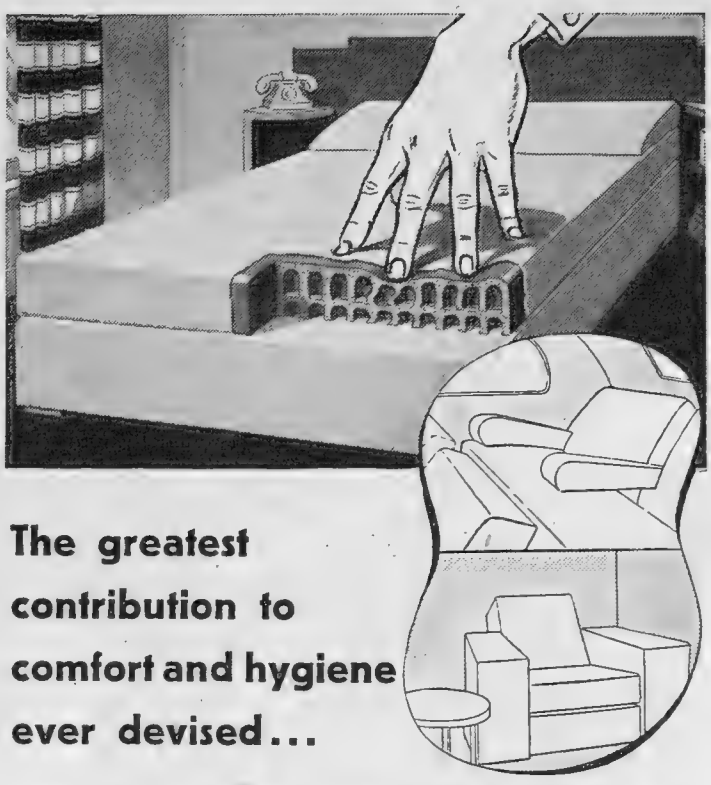

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Metro station. Lois kept her hand on Philip's arm, tightly. After a minute, Denise de Grenelle came out, turned to the left, was swallowed in the hurrying throng.

Philip turned and rapped on the window of the café.

"After all that," he said, "one needs something. *Deux fines;*" he told the white-aproned waiter who appeared in the doorway.

His spirits had risen. Obviously, he pointed out to Lois, what they had seen could have nothing to do with her book.

"One mustn't," he said, "be led away by cloak-and-dagger atmospheres." He had quite recovered his diplomatic poise. "To a man of the world, such as myself," he explained kindly, "it's a truism that triangles *will* happen, even in the best-regulated families!"

"I've got to think," Lois said. "It's like a code. It's just like a code that won't come out because there's one group missing."

"One group missing?"

"My book," said Lois. "My book."

SHE had the single-track mind of the codist. All night it worked away at the problem of the reluctant publisher just as it had worked, through many a long night in the Embassy codes room, at mutilated code groups in high priority messages—testing, fitting, trying one alternative after another, seeking always the one all-embracing pattern.

What she was not prepared for was Pierre Yves's telephone call, at a little after ten next morning, asking her to come urgently to his office.

Philip Graven wasn't included in the invitation, but Lois told him about it, and he insisted on accompanying her.

"I feel badly," he explained, "about having introduced a girl from home to people of a somewhat worldly morality. But now that Yves has called up, it's obvious that we've been worrying unnecessarily about the book."

Pierre Yves was glad to see Philip Graven. Lois saw in Yves's bold, grey-green eyes, as he greeted them, a quick gleam of satisfaction when he saw that she had brought the Fourth Secretary of the Embassy with her.

It was a fleeting gleam only, then Yves's handsome, pale face resumed a worried expression as he turned to a small, rather plump man with a bald, pink head sparsely streaked with hair.

"Permit me," Yves said, "to present Inspector Marius of the *Sûreté.* Miss Forrest. Mr. Graven."

He pushed chairs forward over the carpet. The luxurious room was heavy with tobacco-smoke. On Pierre Yves's wide, flat-topped desk lay a telegram.

Lois's heart was beating faster as she sat down, but her mind insulated itself against excitement now as automatically as it insulated itself against excitement in the codes room when she worked on a corrupt but vital message.

Philip Graven's face had assumed its most image-like expression. He placed his hat carefully on his knees and said: "Of the *Sûreté,* Inspector?"

The small man bowed. "It is fortunate," he said, "that there is a responsible official of your Embassy present, *monsieur.* The matter is of perhaps international importance. It concerns a book which I understand Miss Forrest has written."

Pierre Yves said quickly: "I should explain, Miss Forrest, that when you asked for your book to be returned, I gave instructions for the typescript to be looked out at once. I'm sorry to say it couldn't be found. I didn't like to tell you this, as you appeared anxious. I had the office ransacked, without result. Then, just last night, it occurred to me that my partner might have slipped it into his brief-case to read while away on his shooting trip. I sent him a telegram immediately, and as soon as I received this reply, this morning—" he touched the telegram on his desk— "I got in touch with the *Sûreté.*"

"M. Yves," said the detective, "has given me some intimation of the nature of your book. I understand it deals with activities in the world of—*renseignements*—clandestine

activity. M. de Grenelle has contacts in that world, to any of whom—*n'est-ce pas*—he may have mentioned some matter of significance in this book which I understand you were so anxious to withdraw."

"All this," Philip said, looking extremely anxious, "is a little highly-coloured."

"That is what we have to get at, *monsieur,*" said Marius quickly. "Is it not a fact that this is a book in which it would be tragically simple to betray some such item of dangerous information as the harpies of international politics, the professional trouble-makers, might go to great lengths to obtain? The fact is—the fact which we have to deal with—is that M. de Grenelle, with this book in his possession——"

"Has disappeared?" said Lois.

The detective stared at her. "You know that?"

"Isn't that," Lois said, "what's in that telegram—that M. de Grenelle *never joined his shooting party at all?*"

"How can you know that?" the detective said sharply.

Lois looked around at the three men. She made a little gesture of distress.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm so terribly sorry. But what else can I do? It's like a code. You find the missing group and then everything just clicks into place—and sometimes it's a message you'd far, far rather never have read. I think I knew last night that M. de Grenelle wasn't coming back—because no woman would hand over her jewels to her lover unless she knew her husband wasn't going to return and miss them!"

The detective sprang to his feet.

But Pierre Yves didn't move or speak—only sat very still behind his great desk, white and rigid and faintly smiling.

"Continue," said the detective.

"M. Yves," said Lois, "has tried to make my book appear to be a motive for the—the harm that's come to M. de Grenelle. But the motive's very much simpler. It's what Mr. Graven calls an 'unworthy liaison'!"

Again she looked round at them.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but it's just like a code. If M. de Grenelle wasn't coming back, it seemed to me that probably that was why my book wasn't coming back, either—because it'd gone where he'd gone!"

Yves's eyes were fixed on her with a green glitter.

"But if M. de Grenelle had my book with him," Lois went on, "surely M. Yves must have guessed this as soon as I asked for it back and he couldn't find it. Why didn't he tell me his partner had it, then—instead of stalling? Obviously, it could only be because he knew I'd ask him to wire his partner—and he didn't *want* to wire his partner. He didn't want to wire his partner because he knew such a wire would immediately reveal that M. de Grenelle had never joined his shooting party!"

The silence in the room was electric.

"M. Yves," said Lois, "must have known he couldn't keep stalling me indefinitely. So it seemed to me there must be something he wanted to get fixed up *before* he wired. I can only guess at this, of course. . . ."

"Go on," the detective said.

"I understand," Lois said, "that M. Yves handles all the financial side of the business—and also that he plays the black *bourse.* I think he must have something wrong with his accounts which the police, looking for a motive for M. de Grenelle's disappearance, might have found and questioned."

Still Pierre Yves didn't move or speak.

Lois said: "He probably thought he'd have plenty of time to raise money to get his accounts right before it was realized M. de Grenelle was missing. But my asking for my book back forced his hand. He knew he'd have to send that wire, and he had to get his accounts right before he did it. The only way he could get the money quickly enough was to raise it on Madame de Grenelle's jewels!"

"Miss Forrest," the detective said softly, "where is Alban de Grenelle at this moment?"

"At this moment," Lois said, "he's where M. Yves took him on (*Continued on page* 61)

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the night he was supposed to have driven him to the station to join. . . ."

It was a movement of Yves's right hand that checked her. It was a quite unhurried movement, a smooth movement—his hand coming up from the drawer of his desk, his wrist resting on the desk-edge, his white forefinger curling over the trigger of the automatic. He was smiling, suavely, with his green eyes fixed on Lois, even as the report crashed in the room and Philip Graven leaped and struck. He struck again, wrenching Yves bodily across the desk, and a second bullet brought the alabaster light bowl crashing at Lois's feet. She glimpsed Yves's face, convulsed, and Philip's fist. Then the two connected with an impact that made the room reel round her.

When it steadied itself, Pierre Yves was on the floor, Inspector Marius was kneeling beside him, pulling out handcuffs, and Philip Graven had both her hands in his, and was saying breathlessly :—

"Lois—my sweet—are you all right?"

She gave her head a little shake, looked at him in astonishment. His tie hung loose, his hair was rumpled, his collar was under his ear. He was a badly rough-housed diplomat. She had never felt such a warm and tender feeling for him.

"*You* were *good*," she said wonderingly.

Their eyes met—and held.

"There remains," said Inspector Marius, rising to his feet, "just this question of the book——"

"I wouldn't worry about that," said Lois. "Do you remember the night in the cellar, Philip? Do you remember the water lapping—and how queer Yves was, how wrought-up? That was a sort of preliminary reconnaisance he was making that night he found us in the cellar. We were in on the ground floor of a murder that night, but it's like a code—how can you work it out unless you have all the groups?"

"But the book——" said Inspector Marius.

"It's quite unreadable by now," said Lois. "His mistake was that he got rid of M. de Grenelle's brief-case the same way as he got rid of M. de Grenelle—via the cellar, into the Seine!"

END

England's Easter Customs

(*Continued from page* 13)

the aged. Doles of bread are still handed out to the poorest members of the congregation in many town and village churches after morning service on Easter Sunday and, as in the Middle Ages, the clergy visit the inmates of local almshouses with special gifts of food and clothing.

The most impressive of such survivals is the presentation of Maundy Pence in Westminster Abbey. Many bygone kings and queens of England have taken a direct part in this old ceremony and the royal association is maintained to this day.

On the day before Good Friday—Maundy Thursday—the Archbishop of Canterbury, as Lord High Almoner, presents the King's gifts to as many poor men and women as there are years in His Majesty's age. Two Yeomen of the Guard carry a large golden dish into the abbey, and upon this are the red and white leather purses containing the Maundy Pence, specially minted in twopenny, threepenny and fourpenny pieces. These coins, though legal tender, are much sought after by collectors and therefore are of high value.

Another interesting old ceremony takes place in Smithfield, London, on Good Friday, when twenty-one widows of the parish of St. Bartholomew each receive a dole of sixpence, a hot cross bun and a further half-crown. The sixpences are placed on a tombstone in the churchyard and each old lady, having picked hers up, walks over the stone and then receives the other gifts. The ancient benefactor of this charity is unknown, his name having been among the church records destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666.

At the old church of St. Michael's, Bristol, the choir-boys assemble in their robes on Easter Tuesday to receive enormous buns known as "tuppenny starvers." The old custom has been kept up regularly since the Middle Ages. In those days the poor people could only get black bread to eat, the exception being at Eastertime when a special distribution of white flour was made. The quaint ceremony serves as a reminder, and altogether about five hundred children of the parish receive the buns.

In the village of Biddenden, Kent, a dole of bread, cheese, and small hard biscuits called "Biddenden Cakes" is distributed on Easter Monday morning. Each biscuit is stamped with the effigy of two famous sisters, Elizabeth and Mary Chalkhurst, who long ago left twenty acres of land to the parish authorities and willed that part of the rent from it should be used to provide the dole every Easter for all time. The "bread and cheese lands," as they are locally termed, have served this good purpose for more than seven hundred years and the old tradition has never been interrupted.

One of the liveliest Easter Monday customs is the annual "bottle-kicking" at Hallaton, a village near Leicester, and this attracts great crowds of sight-seers nowadays. The "bottles" used are really small casks filled with beer, and the game is a kind of mass football played over a rough course between the villages of Hallaton and Medbourne.

All the lads of both villages join in a mad scramble to try and seize the "bottle" and carry it either to Hallaton or Medbourne, according to which team he belongs. The formal "start" is in a small field surrounded by thorn hedges, and there follows a wild chase over prickly fences, stone walls and muddy streams. After many a scrum in which dozens of youths take part, the "bottle" is flung clear and somebody sprints off with it. As soon as the object is placed within the boundary line of one or other of the villages the game is over, and the winning side claim the cask and a round of free drinks from their opponents.

In the week following Easter there are the amusing Hocktide celebrations at Hungerford, Berkshire. Hocktide is undoubtedly a survival of some festival introduced by the Saxons or Danes, and at one time it was celebrated in many other towns. It was revived at Hungerford to mark the day on which John of Gaunt, fourth son of Edward III, granted the fishing rights in the River Kennet to the citizens of the town.

Proceedings are opened soon after eight o'clock in the morning when the town crier parades the streets blowing lusty notes on a medieval hunting-horn. Then two privileged citizens, the elected tutti-men, stride out of the town hall carrying long poles garlanded with flowers and coloured streamers.

Ancient law gives the tutti-men the right to demand a penny from every man and a kiss from every girl they meet on their rounds. They adopt all sorts of amusing methods to win their kisses; entering shops and houses, climbing ladders to reach smiling faces at upper windows, and even holding up lady motorists and cyclists who happen to be passing through the town at the time. Any girl who refuses to comply with the day's rules has to pay the tutti-man a small fine. Let it be said, however, that the fines collected are usually very small!

Following the tutti-men around is a fellow in a feathered top-hat called the orange-scrambler, who presents an orange to each girl after she has been kissed. All the fruit left over is then scrambled among the schoolchildren in the market-place.

Yorkshire has a picturesque Easter ceremony in the old Pace-Eggers' Play which is performed by the schoolboys of Midgley, near Halifax, every Good Friday. This is an interesting variation of the famous Mummers' Play given in the (*Continued on page* 62)

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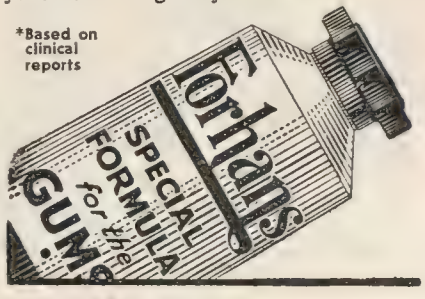

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villages of Hampshire at Christmas-time. The lads dress up in the weirdest of costumes and act an amusing comedy in which the chief characters are St. George, Bold Slasher, Black Prince and a witch doctor. The central theme of the play is the slaying by St. George of his various assailants, each of whom is afterwards miraculously restored to life by the witch doctor—attired in a frock coat and top-hat. Some of the swords carried by the players today have been used by generations of Pace-Eggers and they are carefully preserved in the village school.

In Lancashire the children still play the traditional "egg-rolling" game, in which hard-boiled eggs dyed in bright colours are rolled together down a steep grassy slope. The winner of the game is he or she whose egg is picked up uncracked. "Egg-Jaaping" is only slightly different. Small boys "jaap" hard-boiled eggs together and the winner—the boy with the hardest egg—collects all the cracked ones.

Another charming old custom is still practised by little girls in Cornwall. On Good Friday they baptise their dolls in the local holy wells and springs named after early Christian saints who spread the teachings of Christ there so long ago.

END

England's Easter Customs

The Man Who Hated Red Tape

(*Continued from page* 28)

large sum was involved in any separate holding, but the total came to exactly the amended sum which Authority had named.

"Perhaps you would copy that," he suggested. And when Authority had done so he dropped his own paper into the fire. "Now," he said, "if you will buy those, discreetly, in those names, and bring the certificates with you, on Thursday, to a place which I will fix, I shall be able to arrange an exchange of valuables."

"Is it necessary that I should come, personally? I am very busy. And I have trustworthy subordinates."

"Would you have me entrust *my* share to my office boy? He also is trustworthy. No," he smiled amiably. "Your hand and no other. Is that understood?"

Authority made allowances for Sir Henry's manner, putting it down to the bluff by which some men tried to carry off their sense of wrong-doing; another sort sweated and stuttered out excuses for themselves; on the whole Sir Henry's kind was easier to deal with. So he said, without further demur: "Very well. I will come myself. And I happen to be an expert in such matters; I can tell at a glance whether your valuables are genuine or not. With a man of your known probity that, of course, is hardly worth mentioning." But he *had* mentioned it, and watched Sir Henry closely in order to enjoy the flinch which "your known probity" should have evoked. Sir Henry seemed not to have heard him.

"I've been thinking about the place of exchange. I'd rather not come here again. And no public place would do. My face is rather memorable, and I have been photographed, libellously but recognizably, each time I have changed my post. It's rather difficult, isn't it?" He paused for a second and then said, more brightly: "Still, I suppose you, like myself, would take a little trouble to ensure perfect privacy. And I know the place. Drive out along the Uxbridge Road until you come to a big pub, showy sort of place, called the 'Admiral Jellicoe'—it was the 'King of Prussia' before 1914. It's on the crossroads. Take the left-hand turn and go on, just a little way until you come to a few houses and a church. Go round the right of the church and you'll see some iron gates. There's a house there. It belongs to my wife's cousin and it's usually let, but at the moment there's nobody there but a caretaker. He won't know you—he never reads the papers and if he sees me there with you he'll think you're a prospective tenant—probably kiss you on both cheeks and tell you how well his wife cooks! Shall we say Thursday of next week at eight o'clock?"

"It all sounds extremely tedious," said Authority. "Why couldn't you come here again?"

"Because I can't afford to take risks. This is going to get about sooner or later and there'll be a stink. It's got to be done in my way, with my precautions, or not at all."

"Very well," said Authority. "Thursday at eight."

ON Thursday any one of Sir Henry's superiors who had said at one time or another, 'The man's *mad*," and who had chanced to follow his progress through the day would have been assured that his statement was fully justified. He said at breakfast: "I'm going to take a day off and play golf at Stoke Poges with Jimmy Jameson."

"I suppose you wouldn't have time to look in at Carrie's house when you're that way," Lady Pole-Stapleton said, looking up from her grape-fruit. "You know I told you her caretaker's left and she's most dreadfully worried about the house. She asked me to have a look at it if I were near at any time. The key's at the post office, she said."

"I may not have time," said Sir Henry, to whom Carrie's distracted letter had been read aloud some fortnight before. "Carrie should stay at home and look after her house instead of rushing about the South of France with some gigolo or other. I'll try to spare ten minutes."

"She was worried about whether the water had been turned off," said Lady Pole-Stapleton, taking up her spoon again.

"I'll try to make a minute," said Sir Henry good-naturedly.

ALL day he was making minutes. He got his car from the mews garage and drove out of London, not towards Uxbridge but to Rickmansworth. Just beyond that place he wandered slowly until he found a lonely, narrow lane running between meadows and cornfields; and presently, near a little coppice divided from the road by a deep ditch, he stopped, took from the back of the car where it had been covered by a rug, a woman's bicycle and laid it in the ditch, hidden under a leafy elderberry bush. Then he drove back into the little town and parked his car amongst others in the public car park. After that he went to the station and was playing golf with apparently not a care in his mind at the time previously arranged with Jimmy Jameson.

By half past six it was dusk and they repaired to the club house where he stood Jimmy a drink, and Jimmy, who knew his circumstances, contrived to stand him three. He also invited him back to dinner. But Sir Henry said no, he must get back, thanks, and he'd promised to do an errand on the way. So he got rid of Jimmy and caught a bus, and at half past seven had retrieved Carrie's key from the post office, where his charm of manner more than repaid the postmistress for being disturbed at her end-of-the-day cup of tea. By eight o'clock he had inspected Carrie's house, finding that both water and electric light had been left on, had turned off the water and drawn the blinds in the small sitting-room on the left of the hall. At eight o'clock precisely he heard a car grit to a standstill on the gravel drive and went out to welcome Authority. He led him into the little sitting-room.

"I suggest that we place our respective contributions on the table," he said, and reached for an inner pocket.

Authority laid out the share certificates as though he were laying out a dummy hand at bridge. Sir Henry placed the stiff sheets of paper beside them. "There you are," he said. The expert eyes (*Continued on page* 64)

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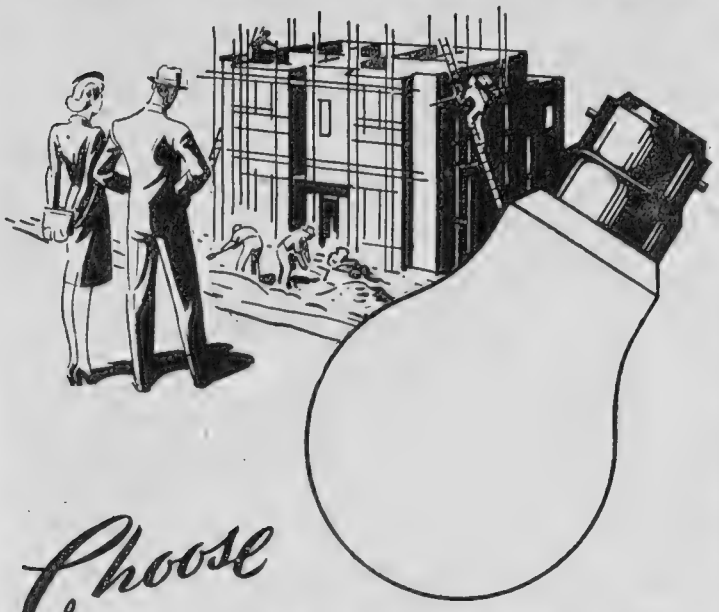

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THE BEST FOR BABY

looked them over and were satisfied; so pleased indeed that Authority said, quite affably: "Those were bought by somebody who had never heard of you or me—by ten separate people, in fact, from ten separate brokers. You see we can take precautions too."

"Thank you," said Sir Henry. He took up the certificates, folded them carelessly, thrust them into his overcoat pocket. Authority treated his loot more respectfully, staring at it with his eyes glistening and his mouth a little agape. Then Sir Henry brought his hand out of the pocket again, and standing upon Authority's right, shot him neatly through the head a little above and to the front of the ear. As the heavy body slumped to fall he caught it and laid it, wound uppermost, upon the table, plugging the hole with professional skill and despatch. Then he folded the stiff sheets of paper and returned them to the pocket from which he had taken them so few moments before. That done, he lifted the body and carried it out to the car where he propped it into the seat next to the driver's, hat pulled well forward, collar turned up, head resting against the back of the seat. Then he went back to the house, switched off the light, locked the door and walked to the post office with the key.

He drove recklessly to Rickmansworth, passed through and found the lane where he had left the bicycle. There, working cautiously and quickly, eyes and ears alert for any possible passer-by, he moved the body into the driver's seat, arranged it as naturally as possible. Then, taking the limp hands, not yet cold, he pressed them around the wheel, over the gear lever, on to the handle of the brake. Finally, he eased the fingers about the revolver, lifted the hand and allowed both hand and weapon to drop by their own weight. The hand fell on to the dead man's knee, the revolver slid to the floor of the car.

For a moment Sir Henry stood still, his mind running backwards and forwards. No, so far as he could see, he had overlooked nothing. A good deal, of course, was left to luck; and with that thought he gave a shrug of resignation.

He closed the car door as he had opened it, manipulating the extreme tip with his gloved fingers. Then, retrieving his bicycle, he mounted and rode rapidly back to the place where he had left his car. If the worst came to the worst, he reflected, cheerfully, Nancy and the girls were provided for; and the country was rid of a dangerous enemy. And there was a sound Biblical precedent for the spoiling of the Egyptians. Best of all, he thought, beginning to hum under his breath as the car bore him towards his ruined dinner and his exasperated wife, he had, once more, had a chance that he'd never thought would come his way again, of doing the necessary thing in the quickest, most effective manner. The humming gave way to a tuneless song of triumph.

END

The Man Who Hated Red Tape

Top Men (*Continued from page 15*)

Vanderlip, former head of the Chase National, America's biggest bank, and the late Lord Hewart, Lord Chief Justice of England, were journalists, while several of industry's top men also once earned a living as reporters. Investigation discloses that a man's first jobs provide no real clue to his main-career success. How often is it said that an academically trained man is no good in practical affairs? Case after case disproves it.

Up to the age of forty Lord Geddes was a professor of anatomy and a university principal. For many years now he has controlled the affairs of the great copper enterprises of Rhokana and Rio Tinto. The late Lord Horne, who earned £20,000 a year as chairman of the G.W.R., two mining companies and a smelting corporation—besides being director of a dozen other companies, including Lloyds Bank, the P & O., and the Suez Canal—was originally a lecturer in philosophy. Lord Woolton, head of a big department store, and, in war-time, of the world's biggest shop business, was a reader in economics at Liverpool University.

Then there is Don Nelson. He studied chemistry with the idea of gaining a professorship, and teaching. As his money ran out he took a job in the Sears Roebuck's store laboratory in order to replenish funds. The boss noticed the new young man, talked to him, found he had a good analytical mind, tried him on the buying side. "It's only another problem; it should yield to the same analytical processes you apply in chemistry." Nelson found it did. He went on and up, until he was earning £30,000 a year as head of the business. In war-time, Washington made him the nation's production chief. They thought he had what it takes, and they were right.

ONE thing all the successful top-job men have—besides a lucid, quick, orderly mind—is the ability to pick a team of able subordinates, who will loyally put in last-ounce work. It's not always done in the same way. One millionaire business man took hold of a war-time Ministry and ordered his right-hand man to sack freely. "If they won't love me, they'll fear me," he growled. They didn't love him.

Montgomery did some ruthless firing in his army, but he got his invaluable teamwork by picking his specialists, training them carefully, and letting each do his job without interference. It's an old story in big business, but it was unique in the British Army. Montgomery could relax, reserving his nervous energy for the big things. He had no paper work: he delegated all that.

There's an interesting business drama, on somewhat the same lines, under way now. The Ford enterprise, a £750,000,000 affair, grown from an original investment of £40,000, has been losing ground since "prosperity" collapsed in 1929. Its share of the domestic car market dropped from 40 to 19 per cent. What it lost, its two big rivals, General Motors and Chrysler, gained. Henry had said that what men most need for success is not wisdom, money, brilliance or pull, but just plain gristle and bone—"more men are beaten than fail."

Henry had plenty of gristle and bone, but something seemed lacking. Times had changed. To stay successful, you had to build cars the way the customer wanted them—or lose business to more accommodating rivals.

Henry's son, Edsel, died; Henry, eighty, weakened and had to yield the reins: his grandson, Henry II, a bulky young man, took over last September, and gathered a team. He surprised people by sweeping through the business like a salt gale. A number of well-rooted executives were uprooted and tossed out. A bunch of bright young men were bedded out at strategic points of the immense organization. Henry II called personally on several hundred of the company's several thousand dealers, returned to reverse the old-established labour policy and make a deal with labour on the basis of a £10,000,000-a-year pay boost, made ready to spend £50,000,000 on four new assembly lines, and beat his competitors in the race to sell cars to a car-starved America.

Nerve, and a clear head—it comes back full circle. Ideas can be added. No man in a top job in business gets far without them; although in a bureaucracy it's apt to be the other way round. If Henry II does the sort of Merlin job on the family motor business, that Mr. Shinwell hopes his coal boss (when found) will do on Britain's failing coal business, he wouldn't be over-paid at a quarter-million a year (in its heyday, Ford's made a profit of £18,000,000 in one year).

Financial results test such men. And rightly, for running (*Continued on page 66*)

Yes or No?

It is indeed a problem—whether or not you should take an unfamiliar brand of face cream when you can't get Pond's. There are more Pond's Face Creams in the shops than formerly, and we hope supplies will increase still further. So don't be disheartened! And when you *do* get Pond's, you'll find it pays to use it sparingly rather than to experiment with unknown face creams. Prices: 10½d. and 2/2½, including tax.

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The modern treatment for Colds

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A Drop on your Handkerchief

Like many other good things Vapex had to make way for more imperatively urgent needs. Throughout the war pharmaceutical work of national importance has taken and must take first place. Normal conditions will bring a return of Vapex

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Cuticura SOAP

"Good gracious! Who stuck this on the polished furniture? Just wait till your mother comes home."

"It's all right, Nanny, we'll soon get it off again and a rub of 'Mansion' will make the sideboard look as bright as ever."

Use sparingly—still in short supply.

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'Father was a soldier'

There are many children still in need of a father's care, who will never see their fathers again. They died fighting for us. We can never repay the debt we owe them; but we can help to look after those they have left behind and especially to educate their children. That is one of the most important branches of the work the Army Benevolent Fund is doing to help service and ex-service men and women and their dependants.

In an army of four and a quarter millions there are inevitably thousands of cases of hardship which Government schemes of relief cannot cover. The Army Benevolent Fund, by grants to Military Charities, helps to provide the financial assistance that is so sorely needed and has been so deeply deserved.

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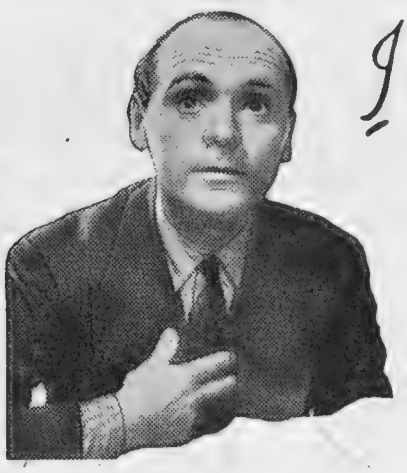

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a business is more difficult than running a museum, art gallery, mint, or even the Church of England, an elaborate organization whose head gets £15,000 a year, as much as the President of the U.S.A. is paid, and five times the salary of the Civil Service chief who controls Britain's half-million or so bureaucrats.

Top Men

In the end it all works out on a supply-demand basis. That's even the rough answer to the Attlee-Colbert conundrum. In a showdown, there are a dozen good alternatives to Clement; but there is only one Claudette.

END

Books (*Continued from page 41*)

That is just what Miss Franken *has* done. It is actually about a HAPPY marriage—"Normality. That was the basis on which all sound marriages were built"—running a home, having babies, losing a mother, getting crazed when your man's in a car smash, having a momentary flirtation and loving him all the more for it. Highbrows may sniff, but as a basic human story it deserves success.

A PRODIGIOUS 512-page Main Street story about a Lake Erie town in the 1850's, with its business, social, racial and religious rivalries is Mr. Taylor Caldwell's "The Wide House" (Collins, 10s. 6d.), which concerns particularly the clash between two strong personalities — widow Janie Cauder, who comes to Grandeville from Britain with her four children, and her fiery Irish cousin, Stuart, an unscrupulous town-boss who believes that "moral consciences never paid off mortgages nor bought a man a woman, nor feathered a nest, nor, at the last, even bought bread." Character, background, family history are in Mr. Caldwell's most thorough, robust style. The story is for those who like solid, sustained narrative not too light in manner.

IS it because her restless father is always moving from farm to farm, each as dreary as the others, that Emily Berekman craves security, valuing "hedges high against the sun and roots reaching down deep into the earth; and all the homely, familiar, comforting things"? She tries to find it in marriage to John Malone, newspaper editor, only to tell herself in the end, when another woman is in the picture: "Since I can remember it's been going too fast, everything moving, and going on, and never letting me be safe and still." That is the idea behind Miss Barbara Bentley's "Hedge Against the Sun" (Chapman & Hall, 7s. 6d.), a first novel as exceptional in its different way as Elizabeth Myers' "A Well Full of Leaves." Miss Bentley writes simply, sparely, quietly, as some of us hope to do after years of discipline; yet she completed this story while still a student in a California college. Its poignancy is for sensitive readers.

MR. WILLIAM McFEE, master of the sea story in the Conrad tradition, takes a lighter theme in "Ship to Shore" (Faber, 10s. 6d.), the story of Capt. Gregory Sylvester, popular skipper of a luxury liner, who has a wife in Liverpool, vows never to have affairs, but falls in love with a New York switchboard girl, passenger on a Mediterranean cruise. His wife will not divorce him, though he spends most of his time with Rosita on the other side—jeopardizing his career—and she bears him children. As relief to the eternal triangle Mr. McFee gives us colourful glimpses of ship and shore life, a collection of characters who divert and delight.

THE love story of a £2-a-year-and-her-keep dairymaid early in the past century is a far cry from Rosita Ross's New York. Pretty Araminta, dodging marriage to a farm labourer, finds a £4-a-year job with a sadistic old woman who enslaves her servants and ultimately commits murder. In tracing Araminta's progress to ultimate deliverance Miss Norah Lofts takes us into the lusty rustic life of bygone England in "To See a Fine Lady" (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.).

A NOVEL about village life in India which is not too earnest to preclude comedy is a relief. Mr. Dennis Gray Stoll's "The Dove Found No Rest" (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.) is mainly concerned with the villagers' reactions when Colorampur is taken over for military purposes, but we are diverted by a mill owner, Sir Percy, who talks of "that bounder Gandhi" and says he "ought to have had all the sedition ragged out of him like the niggers at college in my days, *haw-haw*"; a woman Communist who has propaganda pictures, including a portrait of Stalin, tattooed on her body, with others of a counter nature to ensure her acquittal when she is charged with sedition; villagers who mistake a picture of Vivien Leigh for Queen Victoria; and a barber known as Rajah of Stenches on account of his evil-smelling concoctions! Altogether, a most lively close-up of Indian life which will amuse—and possibly shock—the old-time Blimps.

WHAT a charming idea: to list your heroine's love-life in terms of fabrics, starting with pale blue chiffon, white satin, and shot silk, descending to tinsel, and ending up with gold lamé, sateen, grey georgette, and brocade. Miss Netta Muskett does that in "The Patchwork Quilt" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) as Susan evolves from early romance to marriage and disillusionment with Rex, a waster not above blackmail, Bohemian dalliance with a film star (the tinsel period), then fulfilment—after conflict—with the lamé-to-brocade man of her dreams. At the end of this very human, romantic story the patchwork quilt is complete. And so to bed. . . .

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers:—

"The Secret Places," by Gideon Clark (Rich & Cowan, 9s.). The story of Anne Parris, a modern clever young woman, with a passionate temperament, but without the looks commensurate with her cleverness and her emotional capacity. Should she fight her fate or put aside as gracefully as possible, all thoughts of sex for ever? How she solves her problem is the theme of this admirable novel.

"They Stand Accused," by George Braddon (Cassell, 8s. 6d.). A thriller different in treatment, different in characters and in background. Will hold the attention of every reader from beginning to end.

"Blue Days and Fair," by Henry Gibbs (Jarrold, 10s. 6d.). The second volume in the author's projected trilogy begun with "Not To The Swift." In it the characters from the earlier work are caught up in the tumult of 1944–45.

"Tomorrow's Harvest," by Helen Fraser (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.). The author has collected old legends and stories of ancient Crete and woven them into a tale of fascinating interest.

"Poems 1938–1945," by Robert Graves (Cassell, 5s.). Thirty-one poems and nine satires and grotesques written by the author since 1938.

"Great Games and Great Players," by V. A. S. Beanland. Readers will find delight in this volume of reminiscences of a famous sports writer.

"The International Police and World Security," by Victor Altman (Alliance Press, 7s. 6d.). This historical survey shows both the interest which humanity has at all times displayed towards this controversial problem.

"Your Child's Horoscope for 1946," by K. Theodoss (Hurst and Blackett, 5s.). Of interest to parents, guardians, teachers and all who have the welfare of children at heart.

END

To ensure plentiful supplies of eggs, it is wise to preserve some when hens are laying well. Best for this purpose is Goodall's Water Glass mixed as directed on the tin. Stand eggs on end in very deep vessel and cover to a depth of two inches above last layer. Fresh eggs, well covered with Goodall's Water Glass, will keep in good condition for over a year.

Made by the makers of **"YORKSHIRE RELISH"**
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WATER GLASS 14

"Yes, it's perfectly safe and relieves the pain and depression most women experience. All my friends take Cephos now. I know I can rely on Cephos to help me to keep on with my work." Cephos is the prescription of an eminent Harley Street Physician and does not affect the heart. Sold everywhere in Tablet or Powder form, 8 Powders or 16 Tablets 1/3; 21 Powders or 42 Tablets 3/-. Single Dose 2d. Including Purchase Tax.

Cephos
Pronounced See-fos
THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

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LUXURY

Cuticura Talcum Powder makes a delightfully cooling and refreshing finish to your bath, and for general toilet use. Keeps the skin as soft as silk — and ends perspiration worries. Use Cuticura Soap and complete the luxury!

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Cuticura TALCUM

Awakening Of The Hedgehog

(*Continued from page* 25)

they have coats of white flexible spines and may be handled freely. Their eyes open when about ten days old and another few days see them moving about in their nursery, but their mother does not allow them to venture abroad until they are at least three weeks old. By then their spines have hardened and begun to assume the familiar brown colour of the adults. With this development comes the ability to roll themselves into their defensive shield of prickles so that, should danger threaten, they can resort to this protection. I have often seen a whole family party going forth together for an evening stroll. Their little black noses are quick to smell dainty morsels of food, and their hearing sufficiently acute to detect the faintest movement in the herbage.

Generally speaking, a hedgehog is a silent animal except for a snoring sound which it sometimes makes when asleep and an occasional low grunt when hunting, or when expressing pleasure.

There is, of course, a widespread belief that hedgehogs suck the milk from sleeping cows and goats, but personally I do not accept the theory. It is true, however, that hedgehogs are passionately fond of milk and at different times I have had a number of tame hedgehogs, all of which would drink milk until they seemed almost ready to burst.

This is also true of untamed hedgehogs and several times, knowing where these animals live, I have placed dishes of milk nearby and waited until the dusk deepened, to watch them "lick the platter clean."

END

First Footing Into Fear

(*Continued from page* 32)

A noise grew in the room: filled it to bursting point.

That figure, for all its deathly catalepsy, emanated a power of evil. The noise fulminated as its tempo speeded. A throbbing of gumbies. The tom-tom beat hypnotized Clark, blurred the labia of his brain cells, held him numb. He fought to break that trance; to lay Alison down; he wanted above all things to have his hands free.

With her on the floor he looked up, crouching, expectant, fingers curled, muscles tautened. To realize that the brightly-lit room, but for himself and Alison lying curved limply, was empty.

The drum beats were silencing.

Clark circled the room. Besides the window the only other means of entry was a door at the far end of the room: and that door was curtained so heavily with dust-clogged spider-webs that it was apparent it had not been used for years. The walls were solid: massive stone blocks that had survived earthquakes and the passing of the years.

A shuddering sigh jumped him back to Alison. Her eyes opened. Her arms lifted and clutched him. He tried to force a smile. He blurted out the first thing that came to his tongue.

"A shadow from the fire. There's nothing in the room."

"Clark, I saw it!"

"Well! Whatever it was it's gone now. Here! A cigarette."

"Is it better to go—or to stay?"

"We daren't walk about outside. Break our necks over a cliff," Clark said. "We'll stay here, and keep the fire burning bright until morning."

Alison glanced at her wrist-watch. "It isn't eleven."

The flaring light glinted over the unbroken walls, showed the undisturbed spider-webs across the door, revealed the ceiling gaping in huge holes. But a rat could not have dropped never so softly down from there unheard.

Yet in the room, (*Continued on page* 68)

A shoe is as old as it looks!

With a daily beauty treatment of MELTONIAN CREAM, your shoes can look young and handsome to a ripe old age. MELTONIAN is a blend of the finest waxes, which nourish and preserve the leather, keeping it supple, and giving a bright lasting polish. Help your shoes to last longer and look better — on a diet of MELTONIAN.

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Makes **MILK** *a treat!*

"We just love it, Mummy!" will be the verdict when you serve milk this way. Little Miss Muffet Junket is enticingly coloured and flavoured. Easy to make, too — only takes a minute and is set in ten. All milk's goodness is kept because you only warm—not boil—it. Young and old like Little Miss Muffet Junket.

In 4 flavours: Raspberry, Orange, Lemon and Vanilla

***Little* MISS MUFFET JUNKETS**

Still only 7½d. for 3 pint-size Junkets.

Also "West Countrie" Rennet and Plain Junket Tablets.

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facing them, but blindly, not appearing to see them, was a negress. She was emaciated and wore only a loincloth. Her skin had an unnatural albino whiteness as though she had matured in this sunless cavern. And . . . there was mildew upon her.

"She's dead," Alison whimpered. "She's not alive."

The Undead! The Zombies of Haiti. Clark's pulsing consciousness flashed recollection at him from stories read, yarns heard while their touring ship was berthed in the Black Republic.

"Who are you? What is this place? Our car went over the cliff. How can we get out? Are you——"

Her deaf-mute disregard silenced Clark. With an apathy that was almost pitiful, as if she went against her will not knowing nor caring who watched, the negress came stealthily to the window. Flames from the fire licked her thin legs. She evinced no pain or awareness. Effortlessly she passed through the window.

Despite themselves, Clark and Alison cringed back from her path.

"I ought to have held her," Clark said at last. He went again to the door and examined the cobwebs. Again he went round the stone walls. To return as mystified.

"They're not human," Alison breathed. "They're demons."

"Nonsense! She left footprints. A crazy girl lost in here like ourselves."

"And that is her crazily screaming?"

"No. It's an owl," Clark decided. "A screech-owl."

They sat eyeing the holed ceiling, the tortured tree in the corner, the web-curtained door. . . .

Someone coughed. It was a Titan's hawking. And a voice of thunder spoke. In that stentorian clamour the reverberating words were hard to distinguish.

". . . in this abode of black arts . . ." the sepulchral voice boomed. ". . . Saturnalian revels are held up. . . . You white folk must go . . . or for the rest of time remain . . . as Undead Ones . . . among the Undead. . . . I, Lord Lieutenant of Lucifer, ordain it so. . . ."

"I told you," Alison gasped. "I said it."

The great voice ranted blasphemies.

"We will leave as soon as it is possible to see our way," Clark shouted, frantic with anxiety for Alison. "We are here by accident only."

"Accident! Strangers here by accident!" the voice scoffed. "No! You are spies. Spies from the warring realms of heaven and of Santa Anna. But you is caught out. You is discovered and ascared plenty. Oho ho ho! Ho ho ho!"

The resonant guffaw bounded about the room and Clark whispered:

"Alie. It's only a nigger. That's nigger idiom."

The voice softened to a priestly timbre and a Black Mass was intoned. . . Then silence.

Something came heavily through the window, went leaping awkwardly with wet thumps about the room. A huge yellow marsh frog. A fruit bat, a vampire, fluttered in after it, beat helplessly along the floor as if its wings were clipped.

"That mad girl," Clark cried angrily. "She's outside."

Through the window, now that the moon had swung further on her orbit, was darkness. Leaning out, Clark saw firelight reflected from two unmoving eyes. Savagely he struck at them. There was nothing. Only, when his fist came back it was covered with a soft viscous grey stuff that clung abominably.

The frog and the fruit-bat were humped and cloaked together in the corner under the tree, their four eyes sparkling redly.

"It's twelve o'clock." Alison's voice threatened hysteria.

"The morning will soon be here."

"I've got to go now—anywhere—away—away from here——"

Alarmed by her imminent break-down Clark took her in his arms. He looked up to see the negress in the room. She genuflected in a mist that shone yet was unclean. It occulted her corpse-like form. A cloak of spider-web. When her arm lifted Clark heard the thin rasping as the webs tore asunder. A hairy spider dropped free and darted to and fro with waving mandibles.

Idol-still accepting her homage was the animal-headed man.

His long snout wrinkled back in folds to display white fangs that were red stained. His ears were pricked and surmounted with pointed tufts of hair. His yellow eyes were tiny, and fixed. The contrast between that bestial head and the plumply nourished human little body beneath it was blood chilling. Upon his chest hung a cabalistic amulet. His fat neck was necklaced with mice skulls. He held a cross upside down upon which was crucified the withered body of some freakish beast.

A cry from outside in the night saved Alison's sanity. It was the voice of a white man, an Englishman. It called:

"Ho there! Where are you?"

"Here!" Clark answered. It was inaudible. He had to moisten his throat to call again. "Here! For God's sake!"

He got Alison through the window. Stumbling, falling, breathless, they fled. Far below in the trees they saw a light. They flung themselves on the lip of the cliff. They cried:

"Here! Up here!"

The light shone up at them.

Shouting instructions for finding the spiral steps Clark did not hear a scamper of bare feet. He was seized and flung over the cliff even as Alison screamed a warning. He fell until a branch was clutched by his snatching fingers. He hung swaying. He was dazzled by light. A voice said:

"You've only half-a-dozen feet to drop. Drop down, man."

Clark let himself fall. In the moat an inspector of Jamaican Constabulary in scarlet-striped strides and white tunic helped him to his feet.

"Alison's up there," Clark cried. "My wife. Up there with those devils."

"Steady! Steady, old chap! We'll go up and get her." The inspector considered Clark unbalanced from his fall.

Driving down the mountain road, aware they had preceded him, the inspector, casually, had asked a Negro constable about them: to receive the startling answer that no car had come down before his own. He had driven back and traced where a car had gone over the wall. With a rope he had climbed down. To find the M'Cread's car—empty.

With the torch it was easy to spot the uncovered doorway. And in the courtyard the policeman flashed his torch curiously.

"So the local legend of an old buccaneer's castle is true! Shouldn't wonder if there weren't treasure here."

"There is," Clark snarled. "My wife. Come on!"

They piled into the room in which embers still glowed.

"This is where you say people dithered in and out—through stone walls?"

"Yes. And Alison is somewhere here I feel sure."

"But—good Lord, man!" The inspector's torch spot-lighted the far end of the room. "There's a doorway there."

"It's covered with cobwebs," Clark said. "It can't have been used for years."

The inspector walked towards it.

Layer upon layer of age-old spider-web, tangled, opaque with dust, thick as an eider-down. But it was unattached at one side as Clark saw when the inspector lifted it like a curtain and slipped through. The web layers dropped back to hang as though they had been undisturbed since the beginning of time.

A sob of thankfulness came and Clark leapt forward into a little room that was lived in, as the light showed. Alison was rising from the negress's grip that had gagged and held her. A plump little elderly negro with white hair sat serenely in the circle of light like an ebony joss.

Alison, in her husband's arms, sobbed:

"Oh! I didn't mind so much when I knew them to be human."

Ordered by the policeman the negro rose and lit candles. Close with him the negress moved. The policeman stared.

"Your face is familiar, my friend. Your previous escapades were before my time. But I well remember your escape from Santa Anna. You are 'Praise the Lord' Bonward."

Clark, poking amongst the necromatic cantrips, the animal mask, the megaphone, the fetish on the crucifix, called excitedly. The inspector stooped with him over an old brass-bound chest from which the lid was battered away. It glowed with ancient jewels, coins, ornaments.

"The spying agent of the god of war has pried loose the sinews of his satanic majesty," Bonward said calmly. "That treasure would have gathered the hosts of Lucifer to Armageddon. It would have. . . ."

His voice tailed away under the policeman's amazement.

"Oho!" the policeman said. "You are on another road now."

"There is but one road," Bonward intoned with dignity. "The road down which I, Lord Lieutenant of Lucifer, must lead all humanity . . . down into the bottomless pit. . . ."

"And how does one get out of this bottomless pit?" the policeman asked. He poked the little Negro's plumpness jocularly. "It can be done apparently without many gymnastics, eh?"

"I have a bridge across the Styx. A palm pole that slides to a tunnel in the undergrowth. It is revealed only to my disciples."

"Ah! We will set a trap in it for your disciples. After it has been revealed to us. Now! You will be anxious to return to Santa Anna."

"I think perhaps I will. My handmaiden weeps at times for Santa Anna."

Bonward placed his hands in a strangely affecting manner upon the coloured girl's head as her stoicism broke suddenly, and she flung her arms about his legs and burst into a paroxysm of relieved sobbing.

IN the car speeding down to the city of Kingston the inspector gave them Bonward's story, and the plump little negro in the rear seat listened with evident pride.

"A celebrity throughout the Caribbean. A preacher who turned spell-binder in a church camp in the Blue Mountains with a thousand faithful white-robed disciples waiting on the crack of doom that he, the master, prophesied was due. As is the way with men, power rather went to his head, and he turned to more prosaic and probably more remunerative prophesies of ransacking Kingston. He was certified, and detained during His Majesty's pleasure in the asylum of Santa Anna. A year ago he escaped. Not, apparently, cured, but inverted! Ready to set up a totally different kind of camp."

The inspector grinned.

"He'd dug up enough treasure in that old pirate's castle to be sure of a pretty hellish following. He's going back inside just in time."

"And the darkie girl?" Clark asked.

"A ward maid inmate of Santa Anna who fell for Bonward's spell-binding and procured the keys that freed him."

Dawn was breaking when they reached their hotel. Alison said wearily: "New Year's Day! Clark! Will I ever forget it! A honeymoon and horrors and hogmanay all mixed up!"

END

1.4.46

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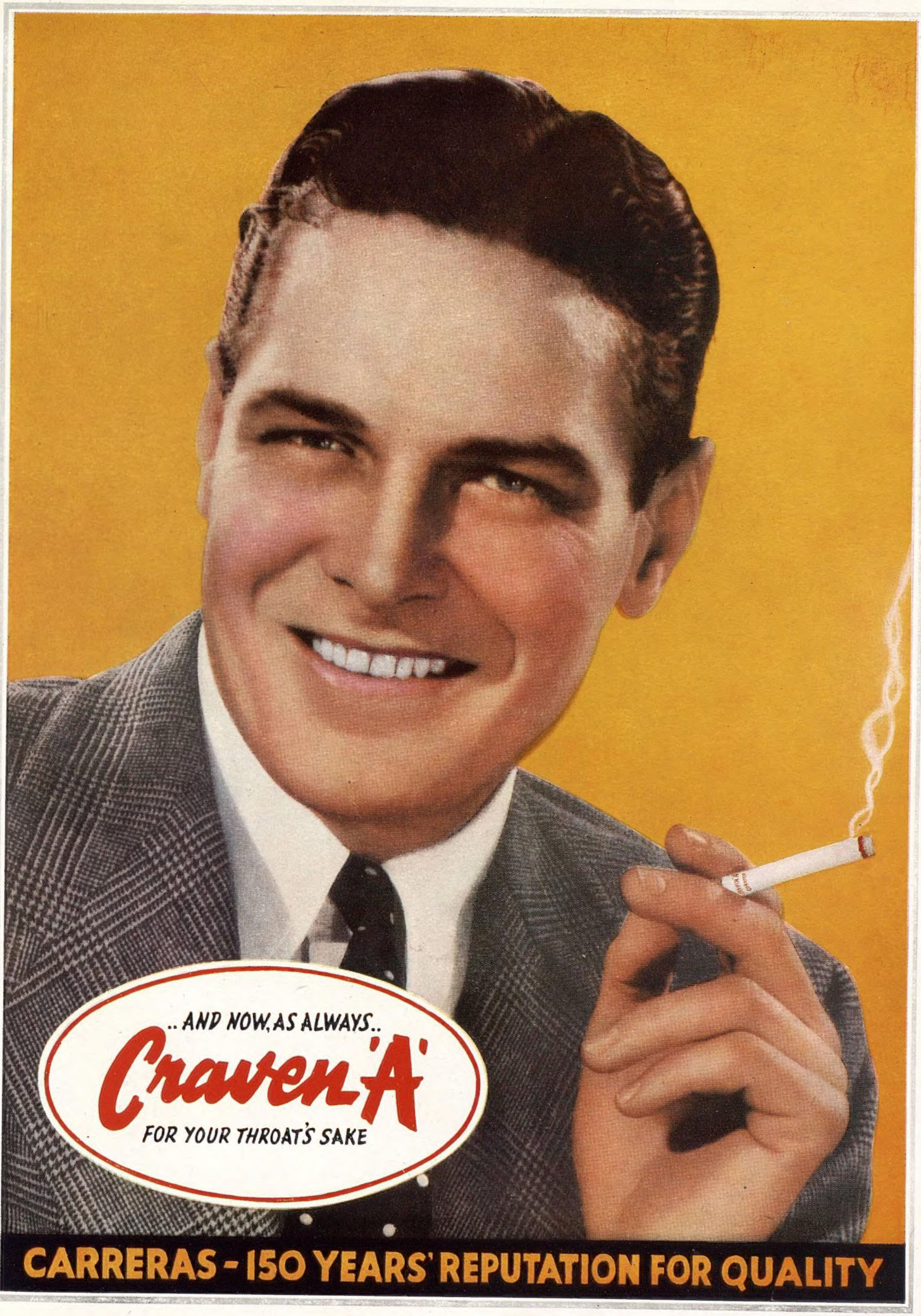
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